

THE
False FRIEND,
Or, the FATE of
DISOBEDIENCE.
A
TRAGEDY:

As it is

Acted at the New Theatre

IN

Little Lincolns-Inn-Fields.

Written by Mrs. PIX.

L O N D O N :

Printed for Richard Basset, at the Mitre in Fleetstreet, 1699.

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Written by Mr. G. G.

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Printed by Andrew G. G. at the Press in Westgate, 1833.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
COUNTESS
OF
BURLINGTON.

MADAM,

APPLAUSE, That food of Scriblers, were it mine, would not satisfy my Ambition; nor should I know half the Transports I feel, at the Honour of approaching You. The sublimest fancy, when it paints a Herione; Copy's You but faintly: You have reach'd the bright Path of Virtue; and there You walk secure. It would be equally a pain for You to descend; as it is for the Vicious, to shake off their Mire, and Climb. I speak the Sentiments of the whole World; of all, who are dependant on Your Noble Family; of all, in whatsoever Station; who can boast the Happiness to know my Lady Burlington.

The past, and the returning Years Count not a Day, but what is blest, and Crown'd with some good

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Action of Yours: This You wou'd hourly hear from every Joyful Tongue, did not the fear to Offend another Charming Grace (Your Modesty) deter them. That bashful Attendant is so Nice; it scarce dares Whisper to Your Self, how Good You are. I tremble least I shou'd now Offend; but who can quit this lovely Theam? Such Virtues shou'd for ever be the Poet's Song; the ablest Pens shou'd Tune Your Praise; for mean Conceptions Prophane such Worth: This ought to check my Aspiring; and force me silently to Admire, what I cannot Worthily express. Only herein I am embolden'd, that, as You have an Infinity of Merit; so You have of Goodness. Under that sweet Umbrage I am safe; that gives me Hopes, You will pardon this Presumption; and permit me, with this Trifle, to offer my Constant Vows, for the Everlasting Prosperity of Your Ladyship; and that great Man, whom You Love most; who most Deserves to be Belov'd (Your Lord.) May You both be Blest in Your Illustrious Race; and long remain the Darlings of Your Friends, and Fate: Whilst I, at humble Distance, beg leave to Subscribe my Self,

Madam,

Your Ladyship's

Devoted Admirer, and

Most Obedient Servant,

Mary Pix.

PROLOGUE.

By Mr. Hodgson.

Amongst Reformers of this Vicious Age,
Who think it Duty to Refine the Stage:
A Woman, to Contribute, does Intend,
In Hopes a Moral Play your Lives will Mend.
Matters of State, she'l not pretend to Teach;
Or Treat of War, or things above her Reach:
Nor Scourge your Folly's, with keen Satyrs Rage;
But try if good Example will Engage.

For Precepts oft do fail from Vice to win,
And Punishments but harden you in Sin.
Therefore (Male Judges) She prescribes no Rule
And knows 'tis vain to make Wise Men of Fools.
Lest all those Wholeſom Laws that she can give,
You'd think too much below you to receive.

—That part then of the Reformation,
Which she believes the fittest for her Station;
Is, to shew Man the surest way to Charm:
And all those Virtues, Women most Adorn.

First then, — No Beau can e're Successful prove,
Narcissus like, who's with himself in Love.
No wretched Miser must e're hope to find,
With Chest's Lock'd up, a Friend 'mongst Woman kind.
No Drunkard, Fool, Debauchee, or one that Swears,
Can Win a Woman, or beguile her Fears;
But he that's Honest, Generous, and Brave,
That's Wise and Constant, may his Wishes have.

But

*But Hold, I'de forgot—
You must not be Ill-natur'd and Unkind,
Moroseness Suits not with their Tender Minds.
They are all soft, as is the Down of Doves,
As Innocent and Harmless are their Loves;
And those Misfortunes which on Men do fall,
To their False Selves they Chiefly owe 'em all.
Did Men Reform, all Women wou'd do well:
In Virtue, as in Beauty they'd Excell.
But while each strive the other to Betray,
Both are to Fears and Jealousie's a Prey.
Let not Ill-nature then Reign here to Night,
Nor think you shew most Wit, when most you Spite;
But Strive the Beauties of the Play to find,
The Modest Scenes, and Nicest Actions mind, }
Then to your Selves, and Authours you'll be kind. }*

EPILOGUE.

THE Author, who the Foregoing Scenes has Writ

Design'd to shew you Nature more than Wit;

Tho', one wou'd think no wonder cou'd be greater,

Than to see any Forsake our Leader, Nature.

For She shou'd hold the Lamp, when we Indite,

And Dictate every Thought and Line we Write }

Nay, all think they have her Presence and her Light.

When as the Coy Daphne fled from our Apollo,

Nature flies Poets, and in Vain they Follow.

This Offspring still is Tilted worse than he,

Who for a kind soft Nymph, Embrac'd a Tree;

Tet why this Vain pursuit of her at last,

If she flies Poets, you fly her as fast;

Nay, yo are grown so very Ripe for Satyre,

As much as ye each other Love, ye hate her.

For when did she e're please this Barborous Age,

When all things else have taken on the Stage.

New Bullies, Blustering in Heroick Fustian,

In your Fermenting Masses, rais'd Combustion.

Anon, we hush'd your forward Mood with Battles,

And made our Trumpets, and our Drums your Rattles.

But Gallants, since you are weary grown of these,

Let Humane Nature, Humane Creatures please.

All loose Expressions now are Banish'd hence,

Our Senses are only Fraught with Innocence.

Virtue Arises

Her Snowy Garment bears a Dazeling white,

Protect ye Beauties, the grace in which ye all delight, }

And save the Hapless Lovers you have seen to Night.

Dram-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

- Ms. *Bowman*, The *Vice-roy* of *Sardinia*.
Mr. *Verbruggen*, *Emilius* his Son.
Mr. *Scudamore*, { *Brisac*, Alias *Don Lopez*, a Noble man of
France.
Mr. *Thurmond*, *Lorenza*, a Noble-man of *Sardinia*.
Mr. *Hodgson*, *Bucarius*, a General.
Mr. *Harris*, *Roderigo*, his Friend.

W O M E N.

- Mrs. *Barry*, *Adellaida*, Daughter to the *Vice-roy*.
Mrs. *Bowman*, { *Appamia*, a Lady of Quality, brought up
by the *Vice-roy*.
Mrs. *Bracegirdle*, *Lovisa*, Sister to *Brisac*.
Mrs. *Lawson*, *Zelide*, an *Indian Slave*.
Mrs. *Martin*, *Amidea*.
Mrs. *Howard*, *Labret*.

Guards, and Attendance.

SCENE, a HALL.

THE
False FRIEND,
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DISOBEDIENCE.

ACT I. SCENE I. *A Hall.*

Enter Emilius, Lovisa, Servants.

Emil. SAFELY we've reach't *Sardinia's* Shore
Thou tender, Beauteous kindest Charmer
For which, Blest'd be the Bounteous Powers :
Blest be every Auspicious Star !

But, Oh ! What Blessings shall I pour on thee,
Source of my Days ! My Life ! My *Lovisa* !
On this pleasing Subject my charm'd Tongue wou'd for ever dwell,
And with my Eyes cou'd yet speak more,
To Express thy wondrous Kindness,
My Almighty Love !

Lov. Oh ! My *Emilius* !

Emil. Ha ! A Sigh ! Thy lovely Eyes shining faintly !
What means This cruel Alteration !
Not fiercest Storms, when the Mad Waves
Danc'd highest, and, in their surly Sport,

Toss'd us from side to side, mov'd thee thus !
 No ; Thou wert Calm as Innocence : Calm
 As Eastern Groves, and with a Smile wou'd Cry :
 Fear not ; I can Dye with my *Emilius* !
 And now we Ride Securely in the Haven,
 What rude Gust dares disturb that Halcyon Bosome,
 Where I have Horded all my precious
 Stock of Peace, and built my Rest for eve.

Lov. Is it nothing then, to break the strongest Ties ;
 Ties which even *Barbarians* hold most Sacred :
 Forsake Parents, Family, my Native Land :
 Nay worse ; leave my Fame at Random ;
 For the malicious World to Censure ; whose
 Vile Breath scarce spares the brightest Virtue ?
 How will it blacken my Errors ! Is this
 Not worth a Sigh ! No ; *Emilius* he is mine ;
 And he out-weighs 'em all !

Emil. Come to my Heart thou Darling softness
 In thy own Mansion Reign. Oh ! What
 Transporting Pleasures does't thou give,
 The earnest of Love's rich Feast, which I, the Happy
 I, shall now receive.

Lov. Alas !

Emil. Nay ! If thou break'st the Chain, my pleas'd
 Imagination forms, I shall suspect thy Love ;
 For I appeal to Thee, with all my Foes (thy
 Coldest Guards about thee) if, to a Tittle I
 Have not obey'd thy hard Conditions : When
 In *France*, I snatch'd thee from thy Destin'd
 Bridegroom ? 'Tis true ; we were so close pers'd,
 We scarce had time to Tye the Sacred Knot our selves :
 I just cou'd call thee Wife, my Charming Bride !
 You Injoyn'd, and I obey'd, tho' my Heart
 Rowl'd in Fire, I beheld thee like an Anchorite,
 But now the cruel Task is o're, and I will Seize thee,
 Lock thee in these fond Arms ; Warm thee
 With my Sighs ; and fill thee with the Fury of my Love.

Lov. Hear me *Emilius*—— tho' unwillingly
 I wake thee from thy Dreams of Bliss.

Yet I have Fears, that wrack my Soul !
And to whom, but thee, shou'd I disclose 'em ?
Therefore I must be heard.

Emil. What, wou'd my Angel say ? Or why
Do ye repeat the Injunction to be heard ?
Did I e're fly the Musick of thy Tongue,
Or listen to it, with less respect :
Than what we pay to Oracles Divine ?

Lev. You have brought me to *Sardinia*,
Where Your Father's Lord—— You are his
Eldest, and his only Hopes—— In the *Spanish* Court,
He no doubt, has chose some Princefs,
To prop his Name from Sinking, and Bless
Your Genial Bed : What will then
Become of me !

Emil. My Love !

Lev. I have no Witness of my Noble Birth [*Pointing to her*
But that poor helpless Wretch—— *Woman.*
Nay, shou'd there be Enquiry made,
My angry Father, for my Disobedience
May disown me—— If they by Threats,
Or Prayers, Draw you too on their side :
Then I shall be left Expos'd in this
Inhospitable Isle ; perhaps wounded
With opprobrious Names ; Call'd a
Wandering loose One ; a wanton Mistress ;
Save me *Emilius*, from that Thought——
Save me quick : It tears my Heart asunder !

Emil. Why dost thou Wound me with thy grondless
Fears—— thy most unkind Suspicions ?
Yet, if there's power in Words, thou shalt be
Satisf'd—— Hear ye Just Avengers !
Hear this kneeling Imprecation ——
If e're my Heart incline to any other Beauty ——
If to the last ruddy drop, that Animates this Frame
I not protect thee, my dearest Part my Wife ——
If I am not proud to own, and honour thee in All
Prosperities, or worst Extremities : Let me
Live the most detested of my Race ——

The False Friend, Or,

Hated by all good Men : And Curs'd by Heav'n !

Lov. Hold my Dear Lord !

Emil. No ! Upon this Theme I will Exceed ; and yet
Not talk too much—— Winds bear my Words——
And Treasure 'em amongst their blewest Plagues,
And dash 'em back upon this Perjur'd Head :
When I, in thought, Forake her !

Lov. No more ! I will, I will believe thee ! ——

Emilius has said it : And Truth it self
Will sooner Change then he !

Emil. to 2 I attend her here —— [*Enter a Servant, and*
a Servant. 3 —— The Lady (my Blessing to *whispers* *Emilius*
Whose Protection I shall Commit thee,
Till I've wrought my Father to a Consent.

Lov. Is she good, and kind, *Emilius* ?

Emil. She was my Mother's valu'd Care ; left
By her Parents young : Ever bred
With my Sister, and my self.——
Large are her Possessions in both the *Indies* and in *Spain*,
Yet all Matches she refuses, and in my Father's Court
Exhausts her vast Revenues. What, ere Requests to him I made,
By her they were convey'd ; by her obtain'd.—— She comes,
Retire a Moment, whilst I relate the Story of our Loves.

Lov. Which shou'd she disapprove——

Emil. Impossible, she will be pleas'd, indeed she will [*Leads*
All shall be well. *her out and returns.*

Enter Appamia, and Zelide.

App. Emilius ! Cou'd you think our Joys ;
For your return wou'd, by Surprise,
Receive addition : That you gave
No warning o'the Blessing.

Emil. Oh my best Friend ; most Excellent
Of Women ! Friendship was Languid
Till you receiv'd the Sacred Fire, and rais'd it
To those Heights, Natures almighty Master
First Ordain'd : Before designing Fraud,
And little Arts were us'd !

App. On any Theme you speak well, *Emilius*,
Tho' I'de hear nothing, but what relates to your self.

Emil.

Emil. How much I am oblig'd, it is Impossible
To say ; Yet like honest Debtors, I'd reckon up
The mighty Summ, e're I run further in the Score.

App. Hold, *Emilius*, I conjure thee hold !
The pleasure of serving you, Rewards
My utmost Care.

Emil. Oh ! You are All Goodness ; and her Fears
Were Vain.

App. [Starting.] Her ! What Her ?

Emil. Nay Start not, Madam ; — To the
Noble Stock of Friendship I have only added
A little tender Branch ; which Nourish'd under you
Shall kindly pay you back with Faith, and Love
Like mine.

App. What can *Emilius* mean ?

Emil. In *France*, it was my Fate to see a Lady,
Of whose Beauty I shall forbear to speak,
Because your Eyes will be the Judge — It is
Enough, to say, she caught my Heart.
In Everlasting Chains. — In the Gallantry
The *French* Court allows, I found daily means
To tell my fair Saint, the Victory her Charms
Had won ; and she at Length, Listen'd with
A Relenting Ear ; drew me from the Terrors
Of Despair ; for mine was no Common
Wandering Fire, which Time, or Absence, or
Some other Beauty might have Cur'd : There
Was no Medium in the fierceness of my Love :
I must be the most wretched of
Mankind, or the Happiest.

App. Oh *Emilius* ! Were these the Studies
Thou wert sent to Learn ? Is thy
Father's Care, and my incessant Kindness
Thus repay'd ?

Emil. Confusion to my Hopes ! *Appamia* Weeps !
My Friend, and my Protectress Weeps !
At her *Emilius's* Joys !

App. No ! — Pray Sir proceed — *Zelede* —
Thy Arm — I am, Sick o' th suddain !

Emil. Madam ! —

App.

App. Nay, I beseech you Sir, go on — Is
Your Choice of Noble Birth.

Emil. As any *France* can boast of.

App. Why was your Father, then not made
Acquainted? Why, in that Point alone,
Were your Letters sent to me? Still silent.

Emil. I did design it all; when from *Lovisa's* Mouth
I knew my Fate; but, Oh! Just as with
Down-cast Eyes, a blushing Face, trembling Hand,
Her soft Breath stole through the Rosie Doors
In broken Accents; Words half kind, and half
Conceal'd: Just as my Ravish'd Heart
Receiv'd the Blessing, and warm Extasies
Took place of Chilling Fears: When
Every Thought, and every Wish, and
Every Look was Love: —

App. [*aside.*] Good Heav'n! How eagerly he talks!

Emil. Even in this perfect State of Bliss,
Her cruel Father was Bartering my
Inestimable Fair: Bargain'd with a
Neighbouring Lord, for Dirt, and Acres;
Sold my Goddess like a Common Nothing
Of the Sex; that World of Beauty, for which
My aching Heart had paid a faithful Slavery,
Must be thrown into the fordid Arms of One
Who Gaz'd not on her Eyes, but on the Gold!

App. Hast to the Issue; you dwell too long
Upon Description.

Emil. In fine, the Marriage Day was Set, but
I resol'd upon the Bridegroom's Death,
Or to receive my own — when my
Kind dear One, helpt by her Confident,
Escap'd; Gave me her self; with the
Rich Prize I fled; found a good Priest,
Who made us One; and here as fully
Trusting you: I've brought her my Virgin
Bride — Receive her Madam, as the [*Enter Lovisa.*
Heart of your *Emilius*: For every Injury
That's offer'd her, I shall feel it there.

App. Like that, she shall be Cherish'd ; and find
No other Usage, then the Heart of *Emilius*.
From me deserves.

Lov. If, Madam, you have never felt Love's Power,
I from your Prudence must expect severest
Censures for my Rashness.

App. *Emilius* has a bewitching Tongue
His Person too, I think may Justifie
A Lady's Fondness.

Emil. Your Kindness makes ye Partial—— See,
How I trust That Kindness, when I
Deliver up to you this Rich Gift of Fate.

Lov. You talk, as if you were to leave me long,
Tell us rather the Method—— what's your purpose ?

Emil. I'll to my Father's Palace, which adjoyns, and
Learn how to proceed ; begging my best Friend,
My dear *Appamia* this Day, to Conceal my
Blessing from prying Eyes ; from any
Gazers, but in whom she dares confide,
At Night I will return.

App. Your Sister will prove your Advocate ;
She loves you, and has great Power
O'er your Father's Will ; you ask not,
After her—— But one in Love,
Like you, must be forgiven, if ;
His Relations, and Friends are all forgot.

Lov. Wrong not your Friend, most Charming
Of your Sex ; for many pleasing Hour,
Have I heard *Emilius* recount your Virtues,
And the fair *Adellaida's* : Nor Madam,
Look on worthless me, with disdainful Eyes :
Since I hope not many Leagues from hence,
I have a Noble Brother.

App. In *Sardinia* ?

Lov. In the Court of *Spain* : Count *Brisac*.

App. The Count *Brisac*.

Lov. Do ye know him Madam ?

App. No ; I have heard of him ; and slightly
Saw him, when he met Their Majesty's
In their last Progress.

Emil.

Emil. I never saw him; but have from Fame,
A Generous Character; and hope, when
We do meet, it will be like Brothers.

App. No doubt on't; but if I might Advise——

Emil. Call it Command.

App. You shou'd not too suddainly Declare your Marriage;
If this Lady can Brook a short Retirement:
Ple Manage it for the good of both.

Lov. Oh! I cou'd live in Caves, or unfrequented Desarts:
So I now and-then, might see *Emilius*!

App. Every Minute, 'tis but a Gallery parts us
From the Pallace; his Duty paid to the Vice-roy,
What hinders but he in few Hours, may return:
His Familiarity here will be easily Excus'd.

Emil. Bless'd be the Breath that leads me on to Bliss;
The dear Indulgent Guide to what my Heart desires——
E're a Balmy Slumber has half refresh't
My Love, Ple fly to wake thee with my Kisses.

Lov. Oh! Do not think Sleep, or Rest will close
These watry Eyes, or ease this Throbbing Heart,
Till I behold thy Face agen!

App. *Emilius*, I am considering farther——
Suppose you pass'd this Day Disguis'd;
Or to your Sister only made a Discovery;
Then she, and I might break the Matter
To my Lord, and hear how he resents it
E're he knows the bottom.

Emil. With all my Heart; that way I shall spare
The welcomes of Crouding Friends, which
Wou'd, at this time detain me from my Wishes
My long Absence, and unexpected Arrival
Has pass'd me hitherto unknown.

App. Stay not with *Adellaida* to tell your Story,
Only learn Intelligence, and leave me to Explain ye.

Emil. I will.—One look--one Smile, and I am gone. [to Lo-

Lov. Forgive my Fears! visa.

Emil. Which shall be short, as my Return is Swift---From thee
With heavy Foot-steps unwillingly I move
But I shall fly to meet agen my Love.

[Exit.

App.

The Fate of Disobedience.

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App. Zelide, Conduct this Fair Traveller to My Alcove: Repose, I am sure, is requisite, After your Fatigues.

*Lov. I will retire; not to Sleep, But my dear *Emilius*, think on thee: When our Thoughts please, Solitude's Felicity.* [*Exit Lovisa,*

App. When our Thoughts please, Solitude's Felicity! Zelide, O ye Just Powers! Is this proportion'd Right! Must hers Transport; whilst mine, like Hurricans, scatter the labouring Brain, that Forms 'em, into a Thousand painful Atoms? I'll ha' no more on't; but fold my Arms, and Fix my Eyes; and stupifie the rowling Torments Till I am senseless grown: A Statue, Stiff, and Motionless!

Re-enter Zelide.

Zel. How d'ye, Madam?

App. Well; my Eyes are Dry, and Heart is still.

Zel. I am glad you bear it so.

App. Why, Faithful Creature, why dost weep? Have I lost ought? Can I complain? It seems, he did not know I lov'd.

Zel. True Madam.

App. Oh! Falser, Baser, than his whole Dissembling Race——He knew it well, And brought his Minion here, to Brave me With his Storne——I must prepare the Bridal Bed; with Leaves of Roses Deck the downy Pillows! Oh! Barbarity.

Zel. Return it Madam; Disdain, the Disdainer; To his Father's Pallace; send the Fugitive; And think of him no more. Is there. A Grandee, even near the Throne, but Courts Your Favour? If this ill-plac'd Love has got too near Your Heart, go to the charming Western Climes, and Reign a Princess there, as the vast Donation of your Parents left ye——you mind not Madam, what I say?

App. Indeed I do not. Am I ugly, Zelide; very ugly?

C

Zel.

Zel. Not *Michael Angelo* could Paint a finer Face.

App. Foul, as thy Flattery ! Yet I believe thou
Art faithful ; tho' I like it not Express'd this way——
What cou'd he think my Letters meant ; or
What the Mighty Summs, by me Remitted, to
Keep their Grandeur up ?

Zel. He thought not on ye Madam ; his
Eyes were taken up with a fair Fool,
That never had oblig'd him.

App. Ha !—— I begin to wake——
What was't, but slighted Love, made *Medea*.
Prove a Fury ? doubtless her Breast was,
Once as soft, as Fond, as Innocent as mine ;
As free from black Revenge, or Dire Mischiefs——
Rise ye Furies ! Instead of Treffes, Deck me
With your Curling Snakes !—— For
I will sting 'em all to Death !

Zel. Here are hundreds will obey your Orders.

App. No ; it shall be done without a Noise——
How quick is Hell Invok'd ! The
Seeds of Ruine grow pregnant, the very Moment
They are Sown !—— know'st thou, *Zelide*,
That Woman (I hate to Name *Lovisa*)——
He did it with so much Tendernefs——
Know'st thou I say, *Brisac's* her Brother ?
And know'st thou too, *Brisac Don Lopez* ?

Zel. What ? That *Don Lopez* whom *Adellaida*,
This Morning Marry'd : I know in part the Story :
Dear Madam inform me fully.

App. Yes. In the late Progress, made with the King
And Queen, wherein the Duke d' *Alberquerque*,
My Uncle, took *Adellaida*, and my self, to meet
The Court, there we saw *Brisac*, *Adellaida* charm'd him ;
I see how Fate returns it) favour'd their Amours,
And he follow'd to *Sardinia*, and was Receiv'd as my Relations.
Don Lopez a Man of Quality, in the *West-Indies*.

Zel. Why might not his pretensions have been
Allow'd as the Lord *Brisac* ?

The Fate of Disobedience.

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App. Oh! 'tis just the Counter-blow of Fate!
Neither of the Fiery Youths had power to stay
The *Spanish* Grave proceedings; and so
They're both undone ——— and what am I!

Zel. Happy, and Blest! Fortune's largest Gifts are yours.

App. No, *Zelide*, No! ——— Come near, and I will
Tell thee what a Wretch I am!

Let thy Eye run o're all the miserable things
Thou hast Seen, or Read of: yet let thy Fancy
Make it worse ——— See

Leprous Beggars Prisoners Ten Fathom Deep,
In New Drain'd Wells; and Ingendring Toads
With all their bloated Brood crawling o're 'em!

Zel. Oh Horrid!

App. Youth Bury'd alive in Strength and Vigour;
Parents by their Rebellious Children Torn;
Yet all this cannot equal mine.

Zel. Strange Disposition of our Fate! ———
The Great; for little Causes, make themselves
Unfortunate.

App. Is it nothing then, to see another Clasp him?
Oh! I am lost, if I look that way!

Zel. Throw *Emilius* from your thoughts, and you
Are Happy.

App. What after being the lov'd Image there!
Since first they took an Image in ———
Forget him ——— when he Anticipated my
Earliest Prayers, and was my Evening Theme,
My Mid night Wakings have Remembered him;
Made the joyn to with his Safety:
And talk'd away the Starry Hours, till thou hast,
Nodding, ask'd, what I said last ——— weary with
Tormenting thee, have flown from my Bed,
To Trees and Shadows; Breath'd his Name there---
Methought I beheld his goodly Mien, in
Whispering Boughs heard the soft Accents of
His Voice ——— and Dy'd upon the Sound -- Oh!

Zel. This way, you never will forgett him.

App. 'Twas the last Sighs of my Expiring Love;
And from the Death of that I Rise
Another Woman — The gentle Cords,
Twisted by *Venus's* self, that held my Heart,
Are Broke; and in their Stead, *Nemesis* has
Writ his Fate in Bloody Characters.

Zel. In all things I Obey.

App. I know thou woot, without Enjoyning.

Zel. Command me then.

App. *Bucarius*, our General, (you know) my Lover,
Hates the *Vice-roy*, and fears the return of brave
Emilius, Mistrusts the Governour shou'd
Supplant him in the Court of *Spain*, purchase
His Honours for his most deserving Son, this
Will make him Eager to Cross the Noble Youth
In his Designs, it shall be so; —
Warn him hither; He fits my purposes:
Give *Adellaida*,

From me, Notice to speak with Caution, to her Brother,
And let my Servants be in readiness, thou'd my
Design fail, in the deep Scheme I have laid,
I am sure I have my Rival in my Power;
And if she scapes, may I be only wretched —
Observe me *Zelide* — tho I fear we both must fall.

Zel. I am Content when you are pleas'd.

App. O Faithful Slave! *India* alone can breed thy Fellow

Zel. I was a Slave till your goodness rais'd me
To your Bosom, which when Death frights me from
May I be a Slave again!

App. If now my Native softness I forego;
And Plunge my self in everlasting Woe:
Let none my Black, and Guilty Annals see;
Or if they do: Charge Love; but pity me.

ACT II.

Enter the Vice-Roy, Adellaida, Don Lopez, Lorenza.

Vice. **M***Y Adellaida!* perfect Image of thy Mother,
Sweet in thy obedience; and of Tempter gentle!

Let not thy careful Fathers Precepts be thought
Only the Effects of peevish Age; and thrown
From thy Remembrance like those uneasy
Rules, which unwillingly we hear,
And ne'er design to practise!

Adel. What have I done to merit this Reflection?
Why am I thought so vile? what mighty
Error have I in my Conduct shown, to make my
Noble Father talk thus! to break the Heart
That's fill'd with Reverence and Love
Towards him; Great as his tender Care
Can in a grateful Brest produce.

Vice. I accuse thee not my Child; and indeed I
Justly cannot: Thy prudent Youth has out-done
Our Celebrated Matrons, with Joy I have beheld
Your unaffected Care; and trusting to your
Discretion, wav'd the nicer Customs of our *Spain*,
And given you Liberty to your utmost wishes.

Adel. Do you repent your kindness, Sir?
Else, why is it mention'd now?

Vice. No. Yet I will tell thee, *Adellaida*
Foreboding Dreams Torture
My sick Fancy; my Peace of mind is Shockt
Most unaccountably — thy Brother *Emilius*,
The other half of my divided Heart,
And thee are the only Treasures Fate can
Wound me in, for I have learnt
So much Philosophy, to quit Honour, and
Wealth freely, as I wou'd my Garments,
When my wearied-Body longs for rest.

Adel. Our last Letters left my dearest Brother in perfect Health.

Vice.

Vice. True; they did so——

Yet be Cautious my belov'd be Cautions let thy Father's fears
Set thy prudence on the Watch. Hark! [*Horn Winds*
The Huntsman calls—— *without.*

I'll try in Sports to drive this Melancholy
Apprehensions off——my *Adellaida*, Farewell.

Adel. Much Diversion wait on your Highness.
Don Lopez aside 2 My Life! Stay but a Moment here:

to *Adel.* 3 I'll instantly return, [*Exit.*

Adel. I will——*Amida*, come hither——
The rest retire——Didst thou not [*Exeunt Women.*
Tremble at my Father's Speeches?

Ami. Indeed I was surpriz'd.

Adel. Oh! He's Divinely good; and the just Powers
Will Reveal my Disobedience; or punish it
With some unforeseen Misfortune——
To boast of Filial Duty, yet break it in
The Highest point——To give my self away,
Without this Dear Indulgent Father's knowledge——
Horrid Impiety! Unpardonable Crime!

Ami. See the Lov'd Cause; and Cease your vain Lamentings.

Re-enter Brisac.

Adel. Oh! my *Brisac*! Why have we been so rash?
Why did we not stay for the Paternal Blessing?
Which wou'd have remov'd this Cloud
Of Sorrows, that sink all hopes of Dawning Comfort.

Bris. Not Comfort! to me the Hours come Fraught
With Bliss! the very Sound that thou art mine!
That *Adellaida's* my Bride wou'd Chear me
In a Dungeon! Oh thou Beauteous
Wonder of the Earth! the Musick of whose
Voice alone wou'd charm a Lunatick;
And make the Wrack-stretch'd Slave
Forget his pain, Gazing upon
Thy Eyes Dye pleas'd; and think his Happiness was there!
Then shall we repine, or fear our Future Fate?
When we Command her Richest store;
When the Blessings of Transporting Love is ours?

Adel.

Adel. How vain are all the Cautions of our Sex;
How weak the best Resolves of Woman-kind!
What boots it now to boast, my Eyes ne'er gave
A Glance of kindness, or Ears inclin'd to the
Delusive stories of my Numerous Lovers —
I stay'd but till the Fated Spoiler came
Then, at Random, Stak'd my Heart, my Liberty;
Whatever I had priz'd before:
And only sigh'd, when I could give no more!

Brij. Oh *Adellaida!* Why dost thou please so well;
That I mistrust the greatness of my Joys; and
Fear, no Mortal must long remain in such
Exalted Happiness --- when thus I grasp
Thy Hand, and look upon thy lovely Face,
My Senses in Alarm, Croud and hurry
Altogether; the tumultuous Pleasures
Gather round my Heart; and with my utmost
Reason I can scarce determine, whether
This is real, or some Visionary Bliss.

Adel. These are a Bridegroom's Extasies. —
But, my *Brisac*, woo't thou talk
Thus, when, after many Rowling Years,
Thou hast lost that Name; when I have lost
The mighty Charm of being new;
Nay, perhaps, when both our Angry Fathers with Hatred
May pursue us; Drive us among humble
Villagers: Thou an Inhabitant of some Barren
Plain; and I the Mistress only of a little Cell:
Woo't thou then revive me with Love like this?
And make our Low-built Cottage Happier far
Than Palaces, whose Turrets wrap their
Aspiring Tops in Clouds; or Crouded Cities,
Where Ten Thousand lay their Anxious
Heads, and never know such peace as ours!

Brij. All must be Peace near thee; Joy settles
Round thy Habitation; and Blooming
Pleasures spring at thy Lov'd sight!

Adel. Oh! Thou dost talk away the Minutes, forgetting
Our Restraint ---- withdraw, or we shall
Be Observ'd.

Brij.

Bris. Not till you have Promis'd ———

Adel. What?

Bris. To be this Night at our obliging Friends,
The kind *Appania's*

Adel. Impossible!

Bris. Most easy. Command your other Women
To retire; then with the faithful *Amidea*
When all the Court is still, pass the Long-Gallery:
There's no shadow of a Danger.

Adel. Yet my Heart trembles at this thought?

Bris. Eager Love shall drive thy Causeless Fears
Away. *Appania*, Pitiſull

And kind, as her soft Sex Inspires,
Prepares the Bridal Bed, Adorn'd with all
The Sweets, that ever Bounteous Nature gave —
But, Oh! What need of Odors, when thou art there?

Amid. Madam, One of the Pages is just Entring.

Adel. Be gone my Lord.

Bris. You will come ———

Adel. I think not.

Bris. Those Charming Eyes, my better Friends,
Speak kinder things.

Adel. Then trust to them: and leave me
To Blush alone.

Bris. A Taste of Bliss, — 'tis Sweet, as Health or Liberty:
It glides thro' ev'ry Vein; and Centers at my
Heart; Yet will I try to gain another Hour, else
Shall I hate the slow passing Day, repine at
The All Chearing Sun, and dye with Eager Expectation
Of the Friendly Night, Night Sacred to Lovers Joys
And Covert to the blushing Bride; for Oh
What place, in Absence can my Spirits cheer,
When all my Ravish'd Heart admires is here?

[*Exit.*

Enter a Page.

Page This Note from the Princess *Appamia*;
Also a Gentleman, who begs to speak with you
In Private.

Adel.

Adel. { Mention your Marriage but with Caution;
Reading. { Let me see you, E're you name the Happy Man!
 You'll be pleasing surpriz'd: I'll say no more,
 Left I forestall it.

Tours,
Appamia.

Hast! Admit the
 Stranger; then let none interrupt us —
 Why doth *Appamia* Write in Riddles?

Enter Emilius.

Emil. Madam —

Adel. Nay; no Sett Speeches — I know thee —
 By all the Blessings of this day, 'Tis he —
 He himself, my own, my dear, My lov'd

Emilius — Oh! Brother! what do the
 Bounteous Heavens mean by this profuse Addition?

Emil. *Adellaida!*

Adel. I won't stop, nor ask a Reason for thy Disguise,
 Or odd appearance; but talk wildly on,
 And rest Secur'd I have thee here!

Emil. My Sister — yet still the Dearer Name's behind —
 My Friend! Blood is the Tye of common
 Souls; a Sordid Earthly Link — Friendship!
 The Noble Workmanship of Heav'n!

Adel. Art thou return'd thou Wanderer!

Emil. I am.

Adel. Yes, Yes; I see thou art, my pleas'd Eyes
 Behold thee not Alter'd, nor Estrang'd,
 Thy Looks their wonted kindness bear; and I am blest.

Emil. My *Adellaida*, I begg thee cease
 Help and Assist me with thy utmost Power.

Adel. Is there a Power in me to serve *Emilius*!
 And am I not Commanded?

Emil. Without my Fathers License, I have
 Ventur'd back — I prithee Sister, choose
 Some Auspicious Hour to Reveal it —
 Nay go farther yet my Sister; let him
 Suppose I am Harden'd grown in Disobedience;
 Have made a bold disposal of my self,
 Without Consulting him, from whom I had

My Being——Then if his Fury Rise (as much
I fear it will) with all thy winning Sweetness,
(Melting, and soft) Curb the just Tempest——
Plead for thy Brother; as I wou'd do for *Adellaida*.

Adel. Oh Sir!

Emil. Ha! What mean these Ominous Tears?—
'Tis Strange! I cannot mention the Blessing of
My Life; the Business of my Love, to my
Best Friends: but strait I meet the Face
Of Sorrow——Oh *Adellaida*! Had'st thou
To me committed ought of this Import:
I wou'd not thus have Check'd thy Blooming Hopes!

Adel. Twins were we in the Womb, and since our Birth
By our Father equally Belov'd; for my poor
Mother dy'd Ere we could Taste her kindness——
Both too, I think have trod the Paths of Virtue;
Both aim'd at the rich Standard of all
Generous minds, Immortal Honour——
But if both have fail'd——

Emil. In what?

Adel. In Duty, Brother——If Love has Broke
The Holy Ramparts down; and left us Expos'd,
Like the first Pair: Will our Adhering to
Each other Avert the Wrath of Heaven,
And our great Parent?

Emil. Expos'd the Wrath of Heav'n!——
What hast thou done, my better halbs?

Adel. Even that rash thing, I guess you guilty of—
Which I shou'd never have dar'd to own,
Had you not by Example
Taught me boldness——
Than Gordian Knot
Which few Escape, and yet by fewer is easy made
By me is Ty'd, without my Father's knowledge——
I am Married——think thou my Brother,
What an Advocate, you have chose, whose
Every Argument, us'd for you, bears for her self,
The same Validity, and Weight!

Emil.

Emil. What strange Game of Fortune's this?
The more I think, the more I am Confus'd.

Adel. Yet you are a Man; and will, I am sure; look Danger
Boldly in the Face: But I, a Woman, fearful
As a *Blind*, when the full Cry is up; and all are Bent
Upou the Slaughter — therefore I beg, when the
Discovery's made, you'll be my Protector, and
Prove a Brother; tho by an Angry Father I'm forsaken.

Emil. Oh *Adelluida*! To look too far, is wild amazement —
Hush then our Faults, and let us talk no more —
Let us forget this Interview till to morrow —
And if thou hast such a Prospect, as my pleas'd Fancy
Paints: No Suffering can outweigh the Blissful Hours,
'Twixt the Setting, and the Rising Sun.

Adel. Promise only, that you'll Love my Husband;
That My Father shan't force,
Your Noble Arm against him, and I am satisf'd.

Emil. I do.

Adel. Nay, but you shall Swear.

Emil. What wou'dst thou ha' me Swear?

Adel. Kneel thus with me, and Swear; that as
Ple prove faithful to your Beauteous Choice
Fulfilling every wish, and word of hers,
So you'll protect, and love the Lord,
That Rules your Sister's Heart.

Emil. I Swear I will, but why so nice a fear. When I injure him,
Fate Deeper Wound the darling my Soul is fond of — Ha!

Adel. Why start you Brother?

Emil. Methinks, as thus we kneel, thus
Strengthening each other in highest
Disobedience: Red hissing Bolts
Are forming to Consume us!

Adel. Alas *Emilius*!

Emil. 'Twas a Cross thought — But let all
Be forgot, as these past Moments — Name me not
Nor think of me, till next we meet;
Then *Appamia* shall direct us. I hear the
Huntsman's Horn; and guess my Father
Is returning — No word of me I beg.

Adel. My Tongue I will Command--- But my thoughts are
[full of thee,
As thine, I hope, sometimes remember me. [*Exit severally.*

Enter Vice-Roy, Lorenza; Attended.

Vice. The Lowering Heaven's all Sullen as the Fate
Near, Conspire to Increase this most unwelcome
Load upon my Drooping Spirits! The Day,
Lorenza, which was as fair at our up-rising,
As Gaudy Nature could put on, is now revert;
The Sun Wrapt up in Sable Clouds, Seems
To hasten his Delightful Course; and long
To Sett in Darkness!

Lor. Such are the Joys of Humane kind;
Uncertain, as the Seasons! So Fortune Tempts us
With a Smiling Face; and (in a Moment) Sickness,
Death, or Cruel Disappointment Blasts
Our growing Expectations!

Vice. True, *Lorenza*; yet thou complain'st not
By Experience, or the weight of Sorrows:
But like the Common Vogue of the World;
That still Cries out, The Times are hard.
Fate grows blinder; more unjust than ever,
With a Knavish Partial Hand Scatters
Her Favours: Missing none but the Deserving!
This Complaint the present Age always thinks
Is new: When (alas!) their Fore-Fathers
Always said the same.——

But prethee, *Lorenza*, leave thou such
Affectation—— Thy Fortune's large; Thy
Character is good; Noble thy Birth;
And all the Blessings of a prosperous Youth, Attend thee.

Lor. My Gallant Friend! Venerable Governour!
Say: Rather all the Curses.

Vice. How!

Lor. The Wretch that in a Raging Fever Lies,
Whose parch'd-up Soul Hunts round the Burning
Clay, wherein it is Confin'd, and sighs but for a
Cool retreat: were he Lord of the Universe,
Would he not give it all for Liquid Draughts

Of Quenching Water; Sound his Big Titles,
In his Ears; Disclose his Hoarded Wealth;
Lull him with Enchanting Songs; Surround him
With the Various Pleasures, Luxury in Health,
And Power Invented; wou'd this make him
Happy? No! Like me amidst the hateful
Bustle, He'd beg for Ease, or Death.

Vice. Folly, and Madness! Thou hast no cause.

Lor. Not Cause! Is not all the Happiness my Heart
Can guess at, or my mind can Frame, Treasur'd
In Beauteous *Adellaida*? And doth not the
Disdainful fair still view me with relentless Eyes!
Like the Coy *Daphne*, Fly my Loath'd pursuit
Shun me, as she wou'd Infection! O must Accurst!
Hated by *Adellaida*, Why do I Live? Why Drag
This Irkfome Being, round a World, where
Nothing else can please!

Vice. Far from thy Soul be such a thought my Son!
She hates the not; but fearful, unknowing yet
Mankind, will only try thy Faith, e're
She, for Life Surrender.

Lor. Oh! had I grounds for that kind hope: I'de not
Exchange the Prospect of such Bliss, to be
Spain's Monarch, or the United Worlds!

Vice. Have you not my Approbation? and is she not
The Pattern of Obedience? I own (won by her
Sweetness) I did promise not to force her
Inclinations; but I know she wou'd as
Soon forgoe her Honour, as Contradict my will

Lor. That *Don Lopez*, the lately arriv'd Kinsman
Of your fair Charge— Oh forgive my Jealousy?

Vice. Nothing but her Friendship to *Appamia*.
At the return of my belov'd *Emilius*, I hope
To fix that Lady, and all her Fortunes, in my Family,
Direct me heav'n, but in the Disposal of those two choice blessings
Thou hast given (my Children) and what e're Probations is
Fit beside, shall be receiv'd without a Murmur! [thought]

Lor. Auspicious be the Moment, that we offer up
Our Prayers! Grant me good Heav'n, my Love!
I ask no more.

Vice.

The False Friend, Or,

Vic. Search, my *Lorenza*; find this darling Mistress out;
 Fall at her Feet; and Breath thy faithful Vows:
 I'll follow; and my persuasions add: This kind Force
 Will Storm her gentle Breast; and touch that
 Heart, which seems Impenetrable.

Lor. Oh Love! Thou charming little God, dwell in my Eyes,
 And hang upon my Tongue, with Honey-dropping
 Eloquence! Steal through her Ears; and thrill into her Heart.

Till She at last th' Almighty Rapture know:

To please her self; and ease her Lover's Woe!

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Apamia and Zelide.

App. Remember *Zelide*, each particular
 We've from *Lovisa* Learn't.

Zel. Fear not Madam; my Memory shall be
 A faithful Register to serve you.

App. Easy, and plain her Words——
 An honest Freedom ran through her Narration.——
 And am I Doom'd to Ruine this Artless Innocence?

Zel. Blest be these Reflections! Cherish these thoughts;
 Continue Madam, as free from Guilt
 As is *Lovisa*.

App. But shall she then possess *Emlin*?
 Shall these Cursed Eyes behold the Hateful
 Object of their meeting Loves! See the Gay
 Years Circle round with flowing Pleasure?
 Whilst I despair! No, rather gape wide, thou Earth
 And swallow them or me—— to bear us all
 The Burden is too great!

Zel. Still I am your Slave; and 'tis my fear for you;
 For your dear Safety only, make me wish
 You'd move no farther.

App. Yes; I will on; and give 'em back the Wracks,
 I feel—— Sure 'tis but Justice——

The Earl d' *Englesac*; he was the Man,
 Her Father chose, for whom the Nuptials were prepar'd,

Zel. Right Madam.

Enter Page.

Pag. The Lord *Bucarius* waits your Pleasure

App. Admit him, yet stay, come back, *Zelide*

Whither

Whither am I going, can I decree *Emilius* Death
And Live? Yes; for he's Dead to me already —
But can I dehold the noblest Form, Nature
In all her Workings, e're produc'd; or,
Joyning Art rendred Exquisite, a cold Lump
Of Clay: The Immortal Soul Hunted by
Violence, from her lovely Dwelling.

Zel. Think well Madam; for after Death,
Repentance is too late!

App. What is't that Staggers my Resolves —
Avaunt thou soft, Intruding Pity!
Let my wild Fancy view their Scenes of
Mutual Love; and Fire my just Revenge!
Ha! Methinks I see their glowing Lips;
Which thirst to meet their close Embraces;
Where their beating Hearts keep time;
Their Arms are Revetted together!
Part 'em ye Powers; part 'em! Set Seas, *Olimpck* Hills
And all the Lumber of the Earth between 'em! — Oh!

Zel. Dear Madam Cease!

App. I will be Calm, as the still Waters; when scarce
A Breath of Wind Curles the falling Waves —
Husht like a sleeping Serpent underneath
A Bed of Flowers. — But when those
Happy Loves think to trace the Steps of
Everlasting Joy. Tempests, and Whirlwinds,
Strings of Adders shall surround 'em!
Now let him come Oh what Earth-quakes shake
This little Frame, wou'd it were once Destroy'd
Emilius, and *Lovisa* then
Might Live in Peace.

Zel. Look up my Princess disquiet be their Portion,
Since they have made it yours.

App. He comes my Woes must be dissembled, and my
Looks be Cheerful.

Enter *Bucarius*.

— My Lord, did you not wonder at my Summons?

Buc. I was pleasingly surpriz'd; as Dying Men with a
Reprive; or Tortur'd Minds with suddain Ease

So Joyful, and so unexpected was the mighty Favour.

App. Your repeated Services I long have weigh'd
Your continual Application, in whatever
Related to my welfare ; nor is your Constant Vows
Of Love forgot---- And if I seem'd so slight those
Assiduities: It was but the utmost Tryal of your Faith.

Buc. Oh Sounds Celestial ! Words Transcendent, as
Thy Charms ! What can my Goddess mean ?

App. Leave Extasies, to a more sitting Season--- and if
You dare assist, and free me from an Usurpation
Which I hate : My self, with all the vast
Revenues I command, is thine, without another Article.

Buc. For one kind look, I wou'd have forfeited my Life ;
But Brib'd so high : Methinks I shou'd do more than Dye.

App. You know the Vice-roy has Long been Ruler here ;
And to his false Care my mistaken Father
Left unhappy me.

Buc. Which prov'd his Blessing. The Court of *Spain*
Is slow in their Supplies ; and when the Vice-roy
First appear'd, the Island was in an Uproar ;
Soldiers unpaid ; and therefore Mutinous ;
All Form of Government neglected--- He
Empty'd your full Coffers, to stop their
Craving Mouths ; and with the Wealth of your
Great Ancestors bought a lasting Peace.

App. Yet, tho' I put up this ; Remit the mighty Debts,
Which he can never pay : Still wou'd he
Retain a Tyranny upon my Will ; still
Guide my Actions, and dispose of all my Fortunes.

Buc. By your Injuries, and my Immortal Love, he shan't not !
I'll Pistol him to Morrow, on the Castle Walk !

App. And so be lost your self ! For he stands High, in
Popular Opinion ; the thoughtless Vulgar hallow him applause,
Because he's fam'd for Hospitality, surfeits their
Censure Appetites, and drowns their Souls
In Riot ;

But wou'd you be directed by an injur'd Woman,
His Measures shou'd all be broke, his growing
Expectations Blasphemed,

Buc.

Buc. Instruct. Command me Madam, I Listen to perform.

App. This Day such Wonders has produc'd, that you'l
Scarce Credit my Relation; *Emilius* is return'd,
Emilius, whom even since my Childhood I own
To have Honour'd with my Friendship, trusting
It seems to that when in *France* he had seduc'd
A Lady from her Husband brings her to me to be
Protected; I Swear the Conscious Blushes almost burst
My Cheeks, if I reflect on the Vile Office he did design
Me; Shall I connive at their Amours, my Roof shelter
Their Impious Loves, help me *Bucarius*, help to Curse 'em.

Buc. Swift Vengeance overtake him: *Emilius* in *Sardinia*.
My Emulator still in the bright Source of Glory. Disappointment
Cross his Delightful purposes; Heart-rending Plagues
For ever rest upon him.

App. Not upon him, but the false wanton I'de punish; your
Sex is by custom privileg'd to Injuries like these, your
Honours scarce tainted, call a Venial Crime, but
In a Wife 'tis sure unpardonable.

Buc. What is it, Madam, you desire of me?

App. To have this Woman in a Monastery Clapt up, or
Instantly sent back to *France*. I'de have her Brother
Told her Baseness, to have her given up to his Revenge,
I know not what I'de have, for whilst she stays, the
Sight of her, and of her Crimes will make me Mad.

Buc. [*aside.*] Ha! I suspect, but I will search it thoroughly.
Who is her Brother?

App. Alas! I had forgot to tell you, this *Emilius* too I wish
Secur'd, till She is past the power of ever seeing
Him again, he is Disguis'd and may be Seiz'd on
Some pretence.

Buc. Explain your Intentions to me, Madam.

App. The Room's too publick for our Conference,
In my Closet, you shall be inform'd.

Buc. And if I stop at ought that you Command,
Or not Destroy whom ever you have Doom'd;
May this blest Moment of your kindness
Prove a Dream; and may I wake again to the
Despair' in which the Dawning Day beheld me.

App. That way — I'll follow —
 Now *Zelide*, now let the Glorious Sun
 Withdraw his Chearful Beams —
 Darkneſs, and ſuries ſhou'd Aſſiſt at this
 Black Council — Oh Love! Thy Golden ſhaft
 Pierc'd firſt this this Tender Heart, and warm'd it
 With a Lambent Fire: which now by Jealouſly,
 Is ſet into a Blaze.

How I cou'd Burn, how I am loſt in rage,
 No Gentle Shower's ſuch Mounting Flames Aſſwage,
Loviſa the belov'd muſt Mourn as well as I.
 I'll be reveng'd my *Zelide*, and I'll Dye;
 Can ſhe my Rival then my Juſtice blame;
 I give her Death, and taſte my ſelf the ſame.

[*Exit.*

ACT III.

Bucarius and *Roderigo*, Meet.

Buc. **O** Portunately are we met, my Faithful
Roderigo, for I have Deeds in Agitation,
 That want a Subtil Head, a Heart reſolv'd
 And Hand like thine to help Accompliſh.

Rod. Long have ye talk'd of Miſchief rail'd on the
Vice-roy, Breath'd nought but Grievances, and
 Swore redreſs; but whiſt I find ye drag the
 Proud *Appamia*'s Chains, whiſt thus ye
 Haunt the Palace of that Diſdainful, fair Glory,
 And Intereſt, tho' they call aloud I fear will hardly
 Wake ye from the Lethergy of Love.

Buc. If now I ſhake not off the Effeminate Slavery.
 Boys ſhall Proclame my Folly's, and hout me
 From the Society of Men; yet never till this
 Moment had I ſuch Grounds to hope Poſſeſſion
 Of *Appamia* her Wealth, and full Revenge on my
 Honours Rival, and my Love the Curſt *Emilius*.

Rod. I cannot reach ye.

Buc. All ſhall be Unravell'd, there's ſecret Marriges.
 My Inſtrument, there's Room for Plots that ſhall

De

Destroy the growing greatness of the *Vice-roy's* Race.

Rod. *Appamia* Married!

Buc. No; She wou'd have been, my friend was first
In Love which sure's the greatest Curse, and Shame
Of Woman-kind. *Emelius* the Object of her Fancy,
Who having bau'k'd her Eager Wishes she meditates.
Revenge on his fair Choice, and I am to be the Fool
Employ'd.

Rod. How found you this?

Buc. Her every word and look inform'd me, but having
Wrung each useful Circumstance from her
Distracted fury, I'll Counter-plot her purposes
And sure Destruction shall o'retake 'em all.
Come with me, and I'll unfold what I design,
Disguises must be had, much thought, and Caution
Us'd, ha! She follows, and in her Face the Stamp of
Heav'n wears, but I know her Soul deceitful,
And will not trust my Eyes to Gaze.

Enter Appamia and Zelide.

App. Not gone, my Lord, who have you there?

Buc. One that will Assist in your Commands.

App. Be Expeditious, and be careful, If the Reward
Inspires ye.

Buc. The Task's too easie — I woud have play'd
With Danger; for such a glorious Prize,
Court'd Hazards; where Life hung by a Hair:
And whatso're is fancied Dreadful had oppos'd me!

App. *Zelide* shall still inform ye, how we move —
Industrious, and Faithful is the *Indian* Slave —
In her you may rely — Haste, Noble Sir, as I have
Directed — Let your first business be to keep
Emelius from returning Instantly.

Buc. He moves this Day as I contrive, and you
Appoint, to Morrow is his own farewell;
Remember Princess what you have promis'd,

[*Exeunt.*

Zel. Can then *Spain's* Beauty, Nay I may add
The world's, receive this Rough General,
For her Lord, the Son of Fortune, only whose
Sword is his Inheritance, whilst Princes,

Lords of Provinces Sigh to be her Slaves.

App. That's a Thought the least disturbs me—
No *Zelide*, we shall never live to be his Bride.

Zel. How Madam!

App. Dye before; and so discharge our promise—
Harke thee, *Zelide*, thou art skill'd in
Baleful Drugs, the greatest Foes to Humane kind—
One deadly drop by thee prepar'd, and mingl'd
With the stream of Life (the Blood) will Spoil
The Noblest Frame of Nature, Poyson each
Azure Channel; let down the useful Springs,
Stop the beating Pulses, and all the curious Movements
Till the Machine Drops into it's Original Clay,
To be reviv'd no more.

Zel. Oh Princess! Merciful Heav'n keep you,
From thoughts like these!

App. Why dost tremble: you said you were a
Princess Born; and that thy Swarthy Veins
Carry'd the Royal Blood of those, who heretofore,
Were Lords of *Mexico*! It must be false;
Thou hast a *Plebian* Soul; else, thou hadst
Us'd that skill, which I Implore: and died,
E're been my Slave.

Zel. It was your gentle Usage which reconcil'd me first
To Life; and then to the Love of you:
Which if I have fail'd in—

App. No; thou hast not; nor you shan't not—
If you refuse me: with this drawn Dagger
I'll give my Rival present Death—Then
Our Laws will Doom me to severest Wracks,
And publick Shame upon a Scaffold End me.

Zel. Oh my Lov'd Mistriss!

App. Why is it such a pain to Live, and sin to Dye
If *Bucarius* fails, *Lovisa's* not remov'd, and
Then this Night they meet, and long succeeding
Joyful Days and Nights attend 'em, prepare
My Slave a Draught, prepare for her, or me
Both caenot must not Live.

Zel. Have peace, you shall be obey'd.

App.

App. I thank thee, faithful Creature, now to the
Alcove lead——I must Tinge *Lovisa's* Sweets;
 If her mind is undisturb'd, I am but half
 Reveng'd——She must be Rouz'd; Alarm'd with
 Doubts, and Fears set her Desponding Heart in
 Tortures like to mine——Create her Woes,
 May Equal my Despair. [Exeunt.]

SCENE Drawn.

Lovisa Sleeping on a Couch.

Enter Appamia, and Zelsde.

App. There wrapt in Innocence, and Peace She lies,
 No Dreadful Dreams, warn her of approaching
 Fate, Calm Sleep, Cordial to the Wretched, for ever
 Fled from me seems fond to eang upon those
 Beauteous Lids, Baths and Wanton's in her
 Eyes, and Revels on her Lips in Charming Smiles

Zel. Can you Commend, and not yet pity?

App. 'Tis *Emilius* no doubt, is the pleasing Image
 Of her Dreams——She sees him at her Feet
 Hears his soft Vows, and Darts him back
 Ten Thousand Joys——

Zel. Madam, She Wakes!

Lov. What gone agen; ye Airy Fantam!
 Why have ye forfok me? Why are my longing
 Eye-lids stretch'd in vain, for him, whom
 Sleeping I beheld!

App. I told ye so——Forgive my over-care——
 Such Charge *Emilius* gave; such Charms
 Have you: That much I Covet to be near you.

Lov. This is Excess of Noble Charity to a poor
 Stranger; and your humble Handmaid——
 But is there yet no news from my Dear Lord?

App. None——I doubt my fair Friend, you'll be
 Too fond; expect more: Complaisance,
 More Kinnness, than our *Spanish* Nobles
 Pay to Wives.

Lov.

Lov. To Wives! Why Madam, is there a Dearer Name?

App. Bless me! Nurtur'd in the Court of *France*, and Ask That Question—— I thought your Gallantry had been Our Example—— I assure ye, there's scarce a Man Of Quality here, but wou'd think himself despis'd, Deform'd, or most abominably Scandaliz'd, If publick Fame took no notice that he had A Mistress—— At all our old Customary Feasts, There's not a *Don*, tho' Marry'd to the Charming'st Bride, On Earth, but wears some other Lady's Colours; Leaving his Wife so to be Honour'd by her Hero, If she has any: But by the Husband She's Certainly neglected.

Lov. Oh my *Emilius*! How far art thou from Once resembling such a Waverer!

App. I'm glad to hear it—— *France* has strangely Alter'd him! In this Court he was the very Minion of the Ladies Address'd to all each blooming Beauty Shar'd his Heart, tho' none possess'd it wholly With an Air of Universal Kindness apply'd to All; But these were the Triffling Hours of Youth: Now He seems fix'd indeed.

Lov. The Character is so indifferent from the Brave *Emilius*, that were it not for strongest Proofs: I shou'd think you did not know the Man.

App. Oh! He's a Dissembler; take my word for't, But he may make the better Husband.

Lov. If I could think, the Lord, my Heart has Chose, For whom I have forlook all that the World Calls Comforts, thus Inclind: I'de Dye to Rid me of the Dismal Apprehensions,—— Oh Madam! Forgive me, if I say 'tis unkind!

App. What?

Lov. To tell me this—— If it be true, I'm undone! Think on my Condition—— Suppose you had left This Delightful Palace; the Place where you are Known, and Honor'd; fled with some Dear Man, To distant Climes—— Consider, how t'would shock ye,

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But

But to fear this trusted only Friend thou'd prove
Unconstant, Faithless, as the Seas you Past ! Such
Is my Fate, if he forsakes me, for whom I've
All forsaken--- Despair, and Death's my Portion !
Oh *Emilius* ! Cruel ! Unkind ! Return, and
Chear me, ere it be too late !

App. Accuse him not ; nor grieve at what's deliver'd
As a Friend's Caution--- But why doth he Loiter now ?
He said he would not see the Vice-roy ; and tho' he hold
His Sister, near his Heart : Methinks, if he fulfill'd
His parting Words, his Visit thou'd be shorter.

Lov. I know not what to think--- My Soul so long
Has held him true ; with such a Faith
Believ'd his Promises : that it will be wondrous hard
To Judge him False ; but harder much to find him so.

App. Bewise, and you are happy--- All yet is in your Power,
Untasted Sweets ; Virgins Favours ; Beauty, like yours
Wou'd Urge the greatest Rambler to play the Saint,
With Perjur'd Breath ; kindle such lovely Fires, and
Venture his Immortal Hopes, for your Embraces---
I say not this of our *Emilius*--- But such Men there are.

Lov. Oh !

App. When next you see him ; which must be suddainly, if
His Friends have sway'd him, or *Adellaida*, by
The Description of some fam'd Beauty in her prime,
Renew'd his old Amours : You'l find it in his
Alter'd Carriage ; he'l be reserv'd, disturb'd,
Spite of Dissembled Fondness--- mark him
Nicely, and you may discover---

Lov. Oh all ye Powers ! is this my Task I must
My plain honest Heart, that's full of Love,
Of Faith, and true Obedience, be wrack'd with
Jealous Pangs ; still on the Watch, to find out the
Tricks, and Turnings of Deceitful Men : No, rather
Than endure, the Killing Pain ; the little abject
Office : I'll rip it up ; and led out
Love, and Life together.

App. No, my *Lovisa* (give me leave to call you mine)
We will live in highest Pleasure ; Live, if you can,

Learn like me, to Despair, and slight the Betraying Race
 I, who have seen 'em Cringing at my Feet; been
 Surrounded with eager Eyes, and bended Knees,
 Stopt my Ears at the bewitching Charmers——
 The false Guilding of their Love wou'd not down
 With me——I saw Interest Lurking underneath:
 nd scap'd Destruction.

Lov. Alas! What have you scap'd? You are yet within the
 Very bloom of Beauty; Love has not yet sent the *Hero*
 He designs your Conquerour; had you met with one
 Like my *Emilius*, graceful in his Person; by
 Nature fram'd to be the Darling Joy of Woman-kind;
 Who, when he tells the Story of his Love, wou'd make
 The Coldest Virgin's Bosome Heave; her Heart to Pant:
 And Eyes run o're, as mine do now!

App. [*aside.*] Oh scalding Drops; they set my Heart on Fire.

Lov. But when he sees the listning Maid Incline
 To the soft passion, his Sighs Inspire: How his Eyes
 Will talk; how he will tremble; How Infect
 With the Convulsive Joy! How Swear! How Weep!
 Oh 'tis too much for Words, 'tis Rapture all!

App. [*aside.*] Torture, worse than Death! Vengeance! Before
 She noth possess him! She dies, my *Zelide*, by all my [my Face
 Wrongs She dies.

Lov. And did I believe all this, Innocent and Credulous;
 The Eager Transports of a first Amour: the
 Noble Vows of Simpathising Souls, which
 God-like, and untainted Truth possrest: Did I
 Forego my Awful Duty, loose the Dear Blessings
 Of my Indulgent Parents, fly from my Tender
 Mother, whose Arms Nurs'd my Infant Weakness
 Up to this Ingratitude, whose kind Eyes never
 View'd me but with Smiling pleasure—which
 Now perhaps, are Streaming for my Fault;
 Or Closing with Pangs, greater than those
 I gave her at my Ill-fated Birth!

Zel. Oh! who can here words like these, and keep their
 Temper! not Conquer'd *India*, Groaning under
 Her Tyrannic-Masters, shows a greater Wretch!

App. Madam! what mean your most immoderate Griefs
Upon a bare Suggestion — Fie, Fie!
'Tis most unreasonable!

Lov. Your Pardon — For I must have leave to Rave,
Can I but think of sharing my *Emilius's* Love, or
Loosing the Idea, my Soul had Fram'd of Deathless
Constancy; of endless Kindness; can my working
Fancy behold this dismal wrack of all my Quiet,
And not run Mad!

App. Mad! For what? Oh, were but as free from
Love as I! Banish the thought that, wou'd disturb ye!

Love. Never, Never; till I'm Convinc'd, my Fears are Vain!

App. — *Zelide,*

Prepare the Banquet, I commanded — let the *Italian*
Eunuch Sing; and softest Musick turn her Griefs,
Till this Prince beloved, this dearest Man return:
And bring Peace, and Comfort to her mind.

Lov. Oh Heav'n's! Banquets, and Musick! am I
Fit for either!

App. Unkind is your Refusal of what my Care provided.

Love. I must Obey; with all these Swelling Griefs I consent
To your desires, because you say 'tis kindly meant.
So Wretches, who despair, when Death's in View;
Do Pleasures Taste; and seem delighted too.
Feign'd Smiles conceal the faltering Smart;
Gay in their Looks: whilst Tempests rend the Heart [Exit

Scene Draws.

Discovers *Brifac*, and *Adellaida*, sitting on a Couch

A SONG.

After the SONG.

Brif. Crown'd with dear Consenting Love, Listening
To the Musick of thy Voice willingly wou'd I
Forget the busie World; with thee Supinely pass
My Softer Hours on this Lov'd Bosome Wrack'd
With delight, confess the bliss, my *Adellaida*,
Created with Golden Slumbers Charm'd and

Waking still to bless the Beauteous Cause, Crown'd
With Happy Days, and Happier Nights, which
Feasted every Sense with Love, and still renew'd
Desires, that will never, never Fade.

Adel. If, my *Brisac*, one Corner of the Globe were yours,
Or mine, I think we might Command a
Lasting Happiness: But when both, tho' born
To wealth, and Noblest Honours, are dependant on a
Rigid Parents Will: what shall we hope,
But lasting Woe?

Bris. Rather Eternal Joy! Is this the Language, *Hymen*
Requires, upon our Nuptial Day? No, No.
Kisses, Embraces are his Due—Words soft as thy
Frame; and Looks that Melt in kindly Shower's.

Amid. Madam, the Lord *Lorenza* comes this way!

Adel. Ha! My Fathers Favourite! Call my Women!
Oh my *Brisac*! how awkward is the Sound of Love
Pronounc'd by those we hate—Not but that
Lorenza's Nicely brave; and Justly Qualifi'd
For his inherent Greatness—But it there be
A Fate below: Sure 'tis shown in that
Which Guides Affection.

Enter Lorenza.

Lor. Thro' all the Rooms of State, and Antichambers
Have I pass'd: where the Dumb Gazers
In Expectation stand, like Statutes, or the
Senseless Pictures over 'em. No Life is seen
In Court, whilst you Fair Princess Retire
To Recesses, that are forbidden the Admiring World.

Adel. Methinks the *Vice-roy's* side is proper'st
For the Gallant Man; where in this Iron Age
He will not fail to hear of Seiges, Battles,
And all the Glorious business of the Brave.

Lor. Yet there's a Lord, like me, seems to build
His Happiness in Beauty.

Bris. Does that Displease ye?

Lor. *Don Lopez*, I shall find a place and time
To tell you whether it does, or no.

Bris. Soon as you will—I'm ready.

Adel.

Adel. [*aside.*] Oh my poor heart!—My Lords?
Chose ye my Apartments for your Broils?
Hence I Command ye both —you *Don Lopez*,
Return *Apamia* Word, I'll wait upon her —
And for you, my Lord, I shou'd be glad to know
What business brought you hither?

Lor. Oh Words, and Looks cold enough to Confirm Despair.
—But my Happy Rival shall not Triumph (for such
I know he is) here will I be reveng'd, or Fall!
Turn thou Invader of all the Joys, my Youth
Had promis'd; for, upon this spot of Earth
Will I dispute for *Adellaida*: tho' her Presence
Make the Chamber Sacred!

Brif. Here woud'st thou Fight for *Adellaida*,
To have the Womens Cries Alarm all the Palace:
Be parted, 'ere my Arm cou'd reach thee— Boy.

Lor. Thou art a secret undermining Traytor.

Brif. Ha!

Adel. *Don Lopez*, my Lord have I no power?
I charge thee go; or else plunge both your
Swords into my Bosome—go I charge ye—
And leave me with *Lorenza*!

Brif. Farewell! The time was most unfit:
And I repent my rashness.

[*Exit.*]

Adel. So, My Lord was this well done!

Lor. Oh Madam! ask the Mad-man a Reason
For his last Extravagance! Ask Sinners
In Dispair, why they Curse Heav'n, when
They shou'd Pray? Your Beauteous Eyes
Have ruin'd me! they have darted Fires,
Which tho' they set me in Extramest Burnings:
Yet the reflected Heat warms not the smallest Particle of you!

Adel. *Lorenza*; tell me freely, is it your self
You Love, or me?

Lor. Oh Cruel Question! Command one Hand
To Cut the other off;
Take this Weapon—Stab me o're, and o're with
Wounds tho' but in wanton Sport of Tyranny,
See if I'de Complain!

Adel. If this be true, if you could suffer this, sure you
Can suffer less; and for a Gift so Noble, as
My everlasting Friendship, bear the Wrack
Of disappointed Love.

Lor. I guess your meaning—how quick it runs
Thro' my Distracted Brain! 'tis got already
To my Heart, and pulls the Bursting Strings—
Your Father comes — But, Oh! I find no
Advocate will do!

Adel. Stop him *Lorenza*.
Divert his Wrath, for much I fear, He
Has heard of this disorder: Perform my first
Desires; and let me be oblig'd.

Lor. Tho' Death is mingled with these sweet Words,
And surely will follow: yet much I'm pleas'd to hear 'em.

Adel. No; you shall Live renown'd, and long; if my
Prayers prevail: But meet my Father, and appease him.

Lor. Will you forgive me then this Roughness; this most
Unmanly Violence, my passion Caus'd?

Adel. I will.

Lor. But will you ever see me more?

Adel. Yes; Instantly: and tell you all my Fate.

Lor. Oh thanks; tho' 'tis my undoing, whilst I hear
You speak: I shall dye Contented. [Exit.]

Adel. This young Noble-man, is Honest Just, and Brave;
I must Confide in him; else his Love will
Set him full at my *Brisac*; or draw my
Father's Hatred on my Husband.
What a Name is that! How much is he Dearer
Than all Mankind! If I forget my Duty
Forgive me Heav'n.

'Tis Love Nature's first, and great decree
Preserver of the World and Conquerer of me. [Exit.]

Enter Bucarius.

Enc. So, this Disguise will do; *Appamia* doubtly
Arm'd for our Destruction, Resistless Beauty
Dwells in her Cœlestial Form, but Oh! Hell has
Been at Work within; There Subtly, Revenge,

And

And violent Passions Reign, yet she shall be
O're reach'd and yield to my Embraces; or
Bear the Odium of the Bloody Crime which
I'll Contrive; Heist *Roderigo*.

Enter Roderigo.

Rod. The same.

Buc. Well! How, and How.

Rod. Exactly as your heart desires——*Emilius* passing
From the Palace back to *Appamia* was seiz'd,
His name demanded, which he denying, was, a Spy clapt up;
And there Remains, till you think fit I shou'd release him:
And as you Order'd, give the Paper.

Buc. Within an Hour let it be done——Comes

Don Lopez, as I directed?

Rod. He follows; I told him a Stranger waited
For him, in this private Grove.

Buc. Excellent! away, be careful *Roderigo*, since
Ruine, or Glory, waits such bold Attempts——
Fly—I hear him.——

[*Exit Rod.*

Enter Brisac.

Bris. By my full hopes of dear expected Bliss,
This Quarrel most Ominous. If

'Tis *Lorenza* waits me here, shou'd Death
Or Conquest be my Fate; What Troubles
Must I heap on thee, my poor kind *Adellaida*!
Ha! Who have we here!---- Wou'd you,
Sir, ought with me?

Buc. If you are the Count *Brisac*.——

Bris. *Brisac*! How came you by that Name?

Buc. My Eyes Inform me you are the the Man.

Bris. Trust me Friend, I cannot recollect where
They Learn that Knowledge; for till this
Moment, surely mine did ne're Encounter 'em.

Buc. Yes; often: Tho' not heedfully, my time indeed was spent
From Court, where, you resided, but my Noble
Injur'd Friend---- I'm sure, you'll own——

Brisac. What Friend? Lead me out of this maze!

Buc. The Earl of *d Anglefack*.

Bris. And what of him?

Buc.

Buc. Have you not a Sister too—— *Lovisa* Nam'd?

Brif. Yes. Pleasing is the Remembrance; her Beauty
And her Fame stood fair, when I left *France*;
I dare Answer for her, She has not lost the
Virtuous Character.

Buc. Beauty, indeed, she still retains—— But, Oh! ---
The more Inestimable Jem, Bright Honor——!
Which sullied once, or lost, like the flying Hours,
Can never, never be retriev'd!

Brif. Whither do thy Speeches lead; for I am yet i'th' Dark?

Buc. Observe, that Earl I mention'd, Espous'd your Sister

Brif. I do believe it; for my Father writ, 'twas so Design'd,

Buc. Oh fatal Nuptials! Oh unhappy Marriage
Wretch'd & *Englesack*! Oh my dearest Friend!

Brif. What mean these Exclamations! Who
Has wrong'd your Friend, and mine?

Buc. *Lovisa*.

Brif. No.

Buc. If deserting his Bed, and him, when scarce the
Hymenial Tapers were burnt out, e're the
Fresh Beauties of the Spring, by Virgins strow'd,
Were wither'd: If this base: Then basely
Has *Lovisa* done.

Brif. With whom? Or what: Or how? Let me
By degrees, to a just Fury rise!

Buc. Of him she has blindly chose, I can give
But small Account—— Some Idle Debauchee,
Who caught her with a Foppish Face;
A Gaudy Coat; such a despicable Trifle.——

Brif. Patience, ye boiling Viets! Back to your
Fountains; and carry cooling Patience!——
Where are these Adulterers? Speak, thou
Upstart Fiend; sent to Wreck my quiet!

Buc. Behold this wound, given by the Villain who is
In *Sardinia* hid—— I have track'd him hither,
Your Father, and the Earl, come on; but Spite
Of this disabl'd Arm, I'll make Vengeance sure,
E're the dishonor's blaz'd abroad.

Brif. Thou make Vengeance sure! Thou prevent the

Dishonour

Dis honour of my Family ! By Hell, I shall
Believe all that thou hast said a Curst invented Lye :
Unless you show me *Louisa* in *Sardinia*.

Buc. P'le do't; if you'l Engage to keep your temper;
And after bring you, where I am to meet the
Traytor. I knew not of your being here: nor when
I saw you, had I made an Application, but that
My over-eager Zeal for poor *d'Englesack* threw me on,
On his Honors Ravisher just at our Landing,
Where the Ships Crew, prompted by the Triumphant
Villain, whom I suppose a Native here disarm'd
And broke my Limbs.

Bris. Prodigious! All Monstrous, and unintelligible!

Buc. I am sorry I can with so much Ease convince ye
Who wou'd serve a Friend so earnestly, and be
Thus suspected it was my violent Friendship
Made me out-do their Search, and find away to pass
In the same Ship, with the false Fugitives; tho' 'twas
Too late to stop 'em—— Follow me, I will Inform you
Of every little Circumstance; and to Confirm 'em true.
Show you *Louisa* in the wanton Reveller's Arms.

Bris. Do this, and be for ever——

Buc. What?

Bris. Curst, as I am now!

*From all the Downy Sweets, I long for, thus remov'd
From all that's Lovely; all that is belov'd.
From Love Natures Feast her sublimest Joy
From Raptures, that wou'd almost Life destroy,
Rouz'd by the call of Honor, Injnr'd Fame
My Love I hazard to preserve my Name,
Quit the Dearest Wife to hide a Sisters Shame.* }

ACT IV.

Enter Appamia, meeting Zelide.

App. **H**ast thou seen *Bucarius*?

Zel. I have.

App.

App. And moves the Engine right ?

Zel. As Mischiefs self were the Contriver,——

Emilius is freed ; and by a Letter charg'd with Villany, a Feign Challenge sent him, to defend his Honor, Threatn'd with Cowardize : If he devulge or Forbear the meeting,

App. An early Courage, and undaunted Mind his forward Youth has still discover'd : His Manly Arm Pluckt fair Fame from Danger's ugliest Mouth ; And in our Annals made long Tracts of brightness.

Zel. Gloomy, and sad this way he walks ; now revolving Deeply in his troubl'd Breast, this unexpected Charge Of Fate ; then starting, as from a Dream of Horror, And Crying out *Lovisa* !

App. Aye ; that's the Thought that tears him ; not For himself, but her, he fears—— Fool, Fool ! Be still ; or to *Elysium* go, and meet her there ! On Earth I stand the Flaming Barr between That ye shall never clasp with Joy——

Zel. The Lord *Bucarius* hither trains *Brisca*, by ways, To him unknown, where he shall see *Emilius*, and *Lovisa* behold their meeting Joys, and Confirm the Dishonor he suspects ; next the pretended Challenge Draws *Emilius* back, and leaves *Lovisa* to yours And to her Brother's Rage.

App. My Fancy hurry's on to wild Confusions I dare Not trust *Brisca's* resentment, they may talk, and All be well ; is the fatal Cordial ready.

Zel. The Poison is.

App. But may we trust *Bucarius* in his Contrivance Of a Challenge, I know *Emilius* eager to Answer His Accuser, Suppose the General prove a real Foe My Rage shrinks back at thought of my *Emilius*, I cannot bear that he should be destroy'd, my Injuries Mount-high, but Love Soars higher yet, and will Preserve him.

Zel. *Bucarius* I dare promise will not exceed your Commands, least he forfeit what he so lately gain'd, Your Favour.

App.

App. *Emilius* comes, hast, give *Lovisa* Notice why
Dost thou flutter thus my Injur'd Heart, why
Steals the Woman's weakness into my Eyes at his
Lov'd sight, here will I wait unseen, and view their
Fondness to Steel my Soul from all remorse.

[*Exit.*

Enter Emilius, With a Paper in his Hand.

Emil. Call'd, Villain ; Coward ! Seiz'd
Challeng'd in my Father's Court ! And yet
By Honor, and by Love compell'd not to
Discover who I am. (for that wou'd give this
Blaster of my Fame just Cause for his black Calumnies.)
But Oh ! *Lovisa* !

To whom shall I commit her ? How hide
These dark Perplexities ! Which shou'd the
Trembling Dear once know : 'Twou'd
Fright her Peace away ; and
Break her tender Heart.

Enter Lovisa and Zelide.

Lov. See where he Stands ; Squandering the precious
Minuts ; which I with eager Expectation
Counted—— Pains in my Heart, and in
My Eyes, incessant Tears.

Zel. Some Grief has seiz'd him ; but sure your Sight
Will hush his Cares—— I'll to my Princess ;
And inform her of his coming.

Lov. My Lord !

Emil. My Love ! My Life !

Lov. Am I well us'd ?

Emil. Are ye not my Dearest !

Lov. No !

Emil. By whom ?

Lov. By thee, *Emilius* ; thou much Lov'd false One !

Emil. Ha !

Lov. Is this your promis'd hast ? Are these thy Joys *Sardina*
Yields ? Cou'd you not add a Day to your Dissembled Truth !
Must I be tortur'd instantly ? Yes, yes I must !
For I deserve it all ; from Heav'n I merit more :
But not (Oh cruel Man) not from thee !

Emil. My Angel! Thy upbraidings are unjust—
 Were there no Cause for my delay: Methinks
Lovisa might have chid me less Severely—
 But, Oh! Believe *Emilius*, who never will
 Deceive thee, there was a Cause!

Lov. That Cause I'd know. If I am Lov'd,
 I may be trusted— The Letter, which, at sight
 Of me, so hastily you hid— Let me see it;
 Ease the wracking Fears, that from my Heart and
 Eyes draw painful Showers— For I too think, I
 Have a Cause, much Cause, to suspect thy Faith.

Emil. What Villain, equal Enemy to Truth, and me,
 Has dar'd Traduce my Honor?

Lov. Give me the Letter; and I'll confront the Accuser
 With the falsehood you stand Charg'd.

Emil. How poor is your Request! Command
 My Life; and try your Power!

Lov. If desiring so small a thing I am deny'd:
 What future hope can raise me from Despair!
 Oh *Emilius*! Thy words have lost their Accent!
 And thy looks their Tenderness! Something sadly
 Whispers to my Soul, I am undone!—
 For ever, ever Ruin'd!

Emil. Sure Fate has watch'd her time, for my Destruction!
 And with a smiling Face, led me on to happy Moments;
 Which I expecting doubly Fraught with Joys:
 Now turn the Curst Reverse, and leave no
 Grasping Hold!

Lov. I am that Fate you fear; the Bar to some
 New Beauty, or Wealthier Aim— But
 Oh! My Lord! If there remains one Spark
 Of Honor, bestow me in a Cloyster; amidst secluded
 Virgins I'll remain; nor murmur your unkindness—
 Do this; if you are not lost to all Humanity—
 Let the Holy Veil shrow'd me, from the vile Scorns
 Of your ungrateful Sex!

Emil. O here am I! Who is it talks thus to me!
 It is *Lovisa*! My Wife! Dearer than
 These Eyes! Dearer than my struggling Heart!

Which.

Which never trembled, but at thy Anger !
 Dearer than every Tye, or Bond, which Nature makes !
 By her am I Condemn'd ; by her thus hardly us'd,
 Take notice thou Stranger, Enemy ; whatsoe're
 Thou art—— All thy approbrious Names I here
 Forgive Thee ; since she, my Bosom'd Soul, who
 Like my Conscience, knows each Action of my Life :
 Since she Taxes me with loss of Honor—— Oh !
 All ye Powers ! Perhaps I have mistook the
 Paths of Virtue ; and am indeed a Villain !

Lev. I cannot bear to see him thus ! It wracks me,
 Worse than my Suspicious ! Oh ! Forgive my
 Inconsiderate Words ; and take me to your Arms ; whilst
 Mine are fill'd with Pleasures ; leaning on your Breast,
 And Listening to your Sighs ; let me forget my Sorrows ;
 And if it is Deceit : 'Tis also Delight ineffable,
 To be so deceiv'd !

Emil. Oh Charmer ! Charmer ! But all words are weak,
 I'll grasp thee, firmer, than Life can bear ;
 And leave my Soul upon thy Lips !

App. aside be-2 Poison, and Death shall enter next the
hind the Scenes. 3 Torturing Wretches !

Bucarius and Brilac appear in the Balcony.

Buc. Look there !

Bris. Ha, my Eyes betray me into Errors !
 Blasts, and Lightenings seize 'em !

Buc. Forbear your Passion ; or our Revenge is lost !
 'Tis but one Slave, by Bribes I've gain'd :
 On, the least Noise we are discover'd !

Emil. Do I not Love ye !

Lev. I will suspect no more !

Bris. Curst, Curst *Lovisa* ! Contagion of my Blood !
 Disgrac'd is our, till now, untainted Honor.

Buc. Vile *Lovisa* ! —— Begon ! they'll turn
 Upon us ! Begon ; or I shall think you
 Cowardly ! Avoid the Vengeance such wrongs require !

Bris. Fly ! I need no urging ; Conduct me to the
 Fatal Place ; that I may mark it for the
 Traytors Blood ! O *Lovisa* !

[*Exeunt from
 the Balcony.*

Lev.

Lov. Ha! Did I not hear my Name!
It was pronounc'd aloud; and with a Voice,
That I'm sure is not unknown!
Oh my *Emilius*! All my Fears return!

Emil. Thy Fancy only!

Lov. Yet, you started too! Ha! Thy lovely Eyes
Relate their Fires! And thou agen
Art lost in Contemplation!

Emil. Take off Oh! *Lovisa*, those piercing Looks;
Let not those Heav'nly Lights, the Planets
That must Rule my Days, this Moment
Pry into my Heart: And all the Years
I have to come, I'll lay it open, to thy view: Spare me some
Hours, and I'll bring thee everlasting Peace!

Lov. Eternal Woe! Ha! I reflect on thy past words!
Thou hast an Enemy! O Idle Jealousies; where
Got ye room into a Bosom that is fill'd with naught
But Love! Behold me on thy Knees; Hanging upon
Thine, with Dying Pangs! Oh! Let it strike Compassion
Through thee!

Emil. Why doth thy Tenderness Torment thy self, and me;
Indeed my Love, there is no Danger; nor Just Cause
For thy disquiet—— He intreat our Friend to Comfort ye.

Lov. I have no Friend, but thou; stay with me, I beg ye by
These Tears; By these poor trembling Limbs; which with
Their shaking loose their Hold, that I will never quit
Till Life forsakes me!

Emil. Oh hardest. Tryal!— But the time will be Elaps'd—
Who waits there?

Lov. Do call 'em— Command they tear me from ye!
No, they need not! Death, Death rids ye of the trouble!

Emil. Ha! Sinks! Faint and Cold!— *Appamia*. [*She faints.*]
Princess! *Zelide*! Help there!

Enter Appamia, and Zelide.

App. Bless me! What's the matter? *Lovisa* Swooning
In your Arms!

Emil. Enquire not; but quickly apply some Remedy!

App. The precious Cordial— now *Zelide*; now—

Zel. Madam?

App.

App. Dost thou demur ; and seest the lovely Creature dead
Be Swift, I charge thee ! Fly ! — Bend her *[Exit, and*
Gently forward ! — Give it me — *returns with a Bowl.*

Hold, from your Hand it will be most acceptable —

[Emil. to Zel.] Why dost thou tremble ?

App. Alas ! We are frighted all ! 'Twas seiz'd me so :
I am almost in her Condition !

Emil. My Love Drink this —

App. Well may she indeed be faint ; for all my Art
Could not persuade her, in your absence, by the Taste.
Of, ought to Refresh her out-worn Spirits.

Lov. Oh ! Will it give me Rest — *[Drinks.]*

Emil. I hope so dearest !

App. *[aside]* 'Tis done, and by his Hand ! — Methinks the
Infernal Powers Smile ; turn ; turn o're their horrid Leaves
Of black Revenges : And set mine down most Exquisite !

Emil. How fares my only Blessing ?

Lov. Beyond the power of struggling longer with my Woes !
Lead me Virgins, from him, and from the Light ;
Let Sable Curtains make an Artificial Night
There will I fix, and my sad Fate deplore,
Nor e're look up or aim at Comfort more. *[Exeunt.]*

Emil. She's gone ! And with her Griefs has riven my
Heart asunder ! Oh *Appamia* ! By the pure
Fire, that kindled in our Infant Minds, and grew
To Friendships holy Flame, I do Conjure thee
Cherish my *Lovisa* ; whatever rugged Fortune's mine,
In Life's uncertain Lottery : Or if the Blank
Prove Death ; Oh ! Let me dye your Beggar : Turn
All the kindness you have born to me, and
Fix it on my Mourning Bride ! So may
The Power's shed on your Beauteous Frame
Eternal Blessings ; never ceasing Joy :
And successive Comforts without end !

App. Why this Injunction ?

Emil. If I return : 'twas needless : If not,
Remember it my latest Prayer !

Protect that Innocent Unhappy Fair :

And Shield her from that ugly Fiend Despair.

[Exit.]

App.

App. Ye Curst Fond Foolish Eyes, that drew in Fires, yet Wanted power to dart 'em back, Stretch your Extorted Lids pursue his Lovely Form, perhaps ye never May behold him more. *Zelide*, I prethee Drench this Dagger in thy fatal Compound that the least Entrance by it made, may carry Death speedy And inevitable.

Zel. Is this at last the only Service I must do for My most Generous Mistress, to scatter destruction Round, and leave her Name Accurst.

App. 'Tis past, my *Zelide*, we are plung'd in deep Unfathomable depths, there's no returning. The shudderrings o're *Lovisa* there I must sink In Blood, and loose the sense of fear.

Zel. Oh for *Lovisa* I cou'd weep! In few hours space Such heat will boyl within her Veins; Such pains will stretch her Aking Nerves; Intolerable Burnings in her Brain; thro' every Pore Fire unquenchable force its way; Hissing in her Blood: and Flaming in her Eyes.

App. And by *Emilius* this Cordial Draught was Administred: 'tis fit he sees his handy work—— Oh Subtil Aid of Hell; for the Contrivance was Beyond my hope——In such pains must She Expire, say'st thou?

Zel. Oh yes! But if your Christian Faith, I have Learnt Be true; Death Ends her Misery, and mine for causing it, Bears an Eternal Date.

App. Canst thou fear Hell, that look'st its Offspring? Complexion'd, as our Fancy paints Devils—— But (Oh?) for me, who have a thousand times Been told my Form was bright as Angels Form, To sink amongst Iniermal black Tormentors!

*Away! I'll shun that thought, my selfe I'll fly,
To think is tasting Hell, before I dye.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE Changes.

Enter Adellaida, and Amidea.

Adel. Support me, *Amidea*; for I sink with Fears!
And ye Auspicious Stars, Assist! Grant, as I

With

Wish to loose a Lover, I may gain a Friend!

Ami. See, Madam he comes.

Adel. By my Appointment comes—What shall I say? How work him to my Wishes?

Ami. Denying his despair, Succeeds.

Enter Lorenza.

Lor. With all the trembling Fears, unhappy Wretches
View their awful Judge, I am come to know
From you, the bright disposer of my Fate,
What is my Doom?

Adel. And when that Doom is past, *Lorenza* the Wise,
And Brave, Arm with Resolution; and what's
Irrevocable, bear with unshaken Minds.

Lor. Oh pointing Prelude to the sure Blow of Fate!
Why was I born! Or why preserv'd to this
Distracting Hour! ye Malicious Stars that knew
Me form'd the hate of *Adellaida*? Why in my Cradle did ye
Forbear to shed your poisonous Fires, and blast my
Thoughtless Childhood: E're I knew such pangs as these!

Adel. Call it not hate, *Lorenza*, when I profess an
Esteem particular; which every day increases,
And grows to an Admiration of your Noble Qualities.

Lor. But never will produce the least spark of Love—Say Madam
Is it not so? Do I not speak your thoughts?

Adel. Suppose you came too late: turn'd Beggar, when I
Was Bankrupt grown; your worthy Heart is not
To be Trifled with: therefore I deal without Reserve.

Lor. Executions tho' delay'd, or given Instantly,
Bear equal Terror!

Adel. That you, My Lord, already have my Father's Voice,
Is Granted; Nay, that Minutely I expect his Dread
Commands, Most true: but that they cannot be by me
Obey'd, is also a sad Truth; which you must hear!

Lor. Hold, 'ere ye pronounce my Fate!—what! never
Adellaida? no continu'd Services? not Reiterated
Prayers? no Expence of Blood? will nothing,
Nothing move thee? Oh Inexorable!

Adel. Had I not thought you the Noblest of Mankind:
I had not Dar'd thus far; For my Petition is—

Lor.

Lor. I Guess it Madam——what ails my heart to heave!
But go on——all will be Calm.

Adel. Ha! *Lorenza!* Thy Face grows Pale
I wou'd have ask'd thee, to have told the *Vice-roy*
Thy desires were Chang'd——But Oh! I find
Thee fix'd, to both our Ruins!

Lor. What does my Rival fear my Sword? Or does he
Scorn me? Or is it height of Pride or Cruelty
To send me Death, this Torturing way?

Adel. Wrong not the Innocent; 'tis I alone wou'd tempt thee
To a Generous Act; to do a Deed, will set the
Foremost in Heroick Lovers Fame; to quit thy
Passion, but to save thy Mistress——for Oh! if you
Persist, you may heap my Father's wrath upon me;
Yes, you may cause my Death: My Love ye cannot Cause!

Lor. O Severity!----But I'll Complain no more---If I am
Thy distin'd Victim, 'tis he, the happy he, shall
Send me thro' my Wrack'd Heart; force his Triumphant
Way, with hands steep'd in my Gore, (a sight will
Please those Cruel Eyes) Grasp the Bliss: for which,
Whilst I have Breath, I shall be wishing! (is going)

Adel. Hold, *Lorenza*, against whom dost thou Arm?

Lor. Needs that Question? *Don Lopez*, my Curst Supplanter!

Adel. Stay thee a Moment; and know——That Noble
Youth's my Husband——If after this knowledge, thou
Dar'st to lift thy Impious Hands against him;
If thou dost Wound him (For Chance of 't Rules the Brave:)
Blasted be my hopes for ever, when I not double all those Wounds
Upon my Bosome! If I not neglect my latest Prayer;
And in Cursing thee, forsake the hated World!

Lor. Oh wretched State!---- Be still, my
Raging Heart, be still! Bound no more in boiling
Blood! I'll ope the Sluce; and give thee Ease——
Turn, *Adellaida*, swift as thy Wishes! See where
Thy Fury falls--- I have Reveng'd thee of thy detested Foe!

Adel. O desperate Man! Now thou hast Ruin'd me [*Stabs*
Indeed—— Some help there! *himself.*

Lor. All help is vain; when Despair, like mine, gives
The Blow! There needs no second Aim—— say——
Won't thou Curse me now?

Adel.

Adel. Oh! I must Curse my self for ever! Why, *Amidia*;
Dost thou stand agast? Start from thy sad amaze;
And fill the Palace with thy Cries.

Amid. Help here! help! [Exit.

Adal. *Lorenzo*! thou rash unfortunate!
What hast thou done?

Lor. Ha! Can my Streaming Wound force a relenting
Tear? Yes, yes, it does: Let not the Precious Balm
Drop too near my Heart: Lest I Revive;
And agen Torment thee!

Adel. Oh! I wou'd waste in never ceasing showers,
To save thy Noble Life.

Lor. Is't possible? Lend me thy Hand; nor shall your
Too, too happy Husband feel a Jealous pang——
The Kisses I shall leave upon it, are Damp'd
With the Cold Dew of Death.

Enter Vice-roy, Attended.

Vice. Whither does this dolefull Sound Conduct me?

Adel. Behold the Blasting Sight!

Vice. Ha! *Lorenza* Dying! who has done this Curfed Deed?

Lor. I, my self. Farewel my Father——
Oh *Adellaida*, Farewel. (Dies.)

Vice. My Son! My Darling Expectation for ever gone!
——Ah Trait'rifs! Ah Ingrate! well mayst
Thou Weep: This was thy Work.

Adel. Oh Sir!

Vice. 'Tis past excuse, or Pardon! has my Indulgence caus'd
This Disobedience? Curst then be former Fondness; I shall
No more behold thee, but with a Loathing Eye.

Adel. Fatal Sounds! Drive not your once Lov'd Daughter
To Distraction.

Vice. Where lernt ye boldness to contemn my Choice? Confusion
Light upon your Awkard Sex! Give ye your Will;
Your Headstrong Will, and you'll lead your selves into perdition.

Adel. Kneeling I implore your Mercy---O pity and forgive
Your Wretched Offspring, with dear Paternal Blessings
Raise me; Or I shall sink beneath your dreadful Anger!

Vice. Pity and Pardon! when I behold the blooming Hopes
Of *Spain* Level'd by thy base Pride, below the meanest
Slave! Deny'd the Sacred Funeral Rites! Rak'd up in

Vile Unhallow'd Clay! Oh sad Remembrance! 'Tis
 For some Minion this Brave Young Man was Sacrific'd---
 But hide him I Charge thee, hide him from thy
 Injur'd Father, or by my Just Resentment,
 He shall be Years a Dying. Ple have his Eyes pull'd out,
 His Flesh by Burning Pincers torn; and when he Roars,
 In heat of Torment, Scalding Oyl shall be the Draughts
 Administer'd, and Add to his Hellish Pains.

Adel. See Sir, See; how you drag me on the Earth!
 Send, Send me to *Lorenza*; but use such killing Words no more!

Vice. If he scape my Vengeance, may the sure hand of Fate.
 Oretake him! when with Fond Eager Eyes,
 Thou steals to the Banquet of ungracious Love;
 May'st thou View him the Destruction of thy Hopes,
 Pale, Bleeding, and Dead; as is *Lorenza*.

Adel. Kneel *Amida*, kneel; prostrate lye on the Ground
 Bathing with me his Feet,
 And lifting up thy Hands, to move him.

Vice. This Murder's thine, False Girl! Seek Heav'n,
 With Patience, and Prayer, Cry out aloud for Mercy there;
 Which (Oh!) I fear will now be hard to find! [Exit.

Ami. Rise Madam, I beg ye Rise,
 These Wounding Griels Consume ye.

Adel. Ah Cruel Father! ther's something whispers to my heart
 I shall have Peace, in spite of all this Drowning Tempest---
 Yet I will Rouze a little, and warm my most unhappy Love,
 My Dear Unfortunate *Brifac*: Conjure him
 Fly This Fatal Isle!

And safety in some humble Harbour find.

For sure no Star Reigns here, to Loverskind! [Exit.

A C T V.

Enter Brifac, and Bucarius.

Brif. **T**His is the Grove, you say, wherein you did appoint
 That Vile Companion of my Sisters Lust, a Meeting.

Buc. It is. And he, bold in his Crimes, defied my
 Challenge; and swore to answer with his Sword.

Brif.

Brif. Enough, The unlook'd for Infamy carry'd such a stain.
That my Heart detested to Communicate the Story,
Even to my nearest Friends—Therefore,
Thou Stranger, (as thou art) If I fail, I leave
To give my Father and the Enquiring World
A Just Account.

Buc. Impartial Heav'n will avert your Fall I dont doubt;
However, by the Friendship I owe your Sisters Husband,
The wrong'd *d' Englesack*: I'll speak your Actions Nobly.

Brif. Yet there is something more —————

Buc. Freely Declare your Pleasure.

Brif. This Letter to the Princess *Adellaida*, the
Vice-roys only Daughter, deliver from my hand;
She will take care of you, and my wretched Sister.

Buc. Conclude it done; unless your own Commands forbid it.

Brif. No more. I see the Villain coming, my rising
Blood proclaims him so. Be gone; nor
Watch the Event: But leave the rest to Fate.

Buc. Farewel, thou Gallant Man, Honour guide
Thy Sword thro' the Polluted Veins
Of that false Traytor.

Brif. Farewel.

Buc. [*as he goes off*] Fight, Fight, ye thick Skull'd Fools,
Till I part ye! Yet hereabouts my bus'ness is to Lurk—For
Whosoe're O'recomes, this Poyson'd Sword dispatches
Him; besides *Roderigo*, and choice *Ruffians* wait
Lest they shou'd Parley, and agree.

[*Exit.*

Enter *Emilius*.

Emil. Art thou the bold Insulter o're my Fame; who
Unprovok'd forcest my Arm to Chastise
Thy Ill-manner'd Folly?

Brif. So Haughty! But words are a Coward's Armour,
To hinder my Suspensions ———— thou art such ———
Speak only this, and then no mo ——— Hast thou not
Brought from *France* a Fair False Woman
Call'd *Lovisa*

Emil. The truest, and most Charming of her Sex —
I own I have ———

Brif. Hold—Now use thy Sword; for mine
Is eager to be thee.

Emil. Heav'n Witness, I was never backward—
 Heav'n also knows my Soul is free from fear :
 Yet there is something in that Form, which stay's my Arm :
 Sure 'tis the Resemblance of my *Lovisa* !

Bris. Thine, Villain ! Thine ! Come on ; or I shall
 Take thee unprepar'd.

Emil. Disputes thou her ! Nay then, farewell
 All thoughts of Peace—— [They Fight, *Bris* falls]
 My Sword has pierc'd thee——
 Yet I tremble for't—— am strangely
 Shockt ! As if I had receiv'd the Wound I had given !

Bris. Thou hast indeed, o're come ; tho I appeal to
 Honors Rules ; and Justifie the Attempt.

Enter Bucarius.

Buc. Ha ! My Friend ! I'll stretch my pinnion'd Arm,
 And burst tho new Sodder'd Sinews to Revenge thee !

Emil. Be set !

Bris. Hold base Man ! Nor call me Friend, and practise
 Villany like this ! Assist ye Powers, my weakness ;
 And let me throw my Body 'twixt their meeting Swords,

Emil. Thou art Disarm'd. [Rises.

Bris. And you are Wounded——

Emil. And to be felt, a Scratch !

Buc. [*aside.*] You have both your Banes : And now I'll
 Leave ye. [Exit.

Emil. But— What art thou ? What unequal'd Hero—
 Who in the last Efforts of Life, struglest
 To save thy Enemy ?

Bris. Justice was still the Master of my Actions— That
 Urg'd me now to save thee : That prompted me
 To take thy Life, for the abuse of my lov'd Sister.

Emil. Thy Sister ! Speak that agen—— But let a
 Dreadful Bolt of Bellowing Thunder follow,
 And strike me past the Sense of ever hearing more !

Bris. *Lovisa* ! To whom, tho' my Veins empty a pace, &
 Flush to own, is my Sister : Marry'd to the Count
 L'Englesack—— and this—— Oh

Emil. My Wife I swear ; as sure as the Destruction
 This Curs'd Deed has Drawn upon me—— But
 Oh no further Talk ; no Words—— Lean, and
 Let me bear thee to the adjoining Palace of

Appamia

Appamia— There try the power of Art,
To stay thy Fleeting Life.

Bris. To *Appamia's*! ---- My Lab'ring Heart
Beats quicker at the thought — There I may
See — But I will not Name her — She
Shall be happy, and I forgot.

Emil. Lean, Sir yet more — Yonder I spy some
That may assist Us — Oh Fate! Oh *Lovisa*!
How shall I ever dare appear before thee;
Thus sprinkl'd with thy Brother's Blood?

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Bucarius, and Roderigo.

Buc. The Victims are ready for the Sacrifice---- Now let 'em
Dye in whining Tales; and hope *Elysum*; whilst I Seize
My exasperated *Heroine*---- And
Retire, till the Storm is past.

Rod. What's your Design?

Buc. To abscond a while; and if the Murmurings prove
Too loud at Us: To fly to the *Indies*; and there Revel
In Love and Pleasure; too great for Laws;
And happy above the reach of Fate.

Rod. I ask but to partake your Fortunes;
Which ever way they Bend.

Buc. You shall Command 'em--- hast to *Appamia*
The humble way I need no longer move,
She dares not, cannot now deny her Love
Her Guilt, and Rival Rage hericorn Disarms,
I'm paid with nothing but her long'd for Charms. - *Exer*

S C E N E Changes.

Enter Adellaida, and Amedia.

Adel. How every Sense, is out of Tune, wounded and broken:
When the Minds disorder'd, through these Antique
Cloisters have I walk'd alone, at the silent Solemn
Midnight Hour; without the least fear, or apprehension----
Yet now a Gloomy Evening; and the Fatal Chance
Of the proceeding Day strikes me with horror:
Each Marble Pillar seems a shrouded Ghost;
And the hollow Winds Eccho like their Groans!

Amid. Go back dear Madam! For sure there is unusual Terror!

Adel. On; and seek *Appamia*: I have made thee
A Coward, by my Fears.

Enter

*Enter Emilius, Brisac, Led.**Bris.* Here let me Rest ; any further Motion gives me present*Emil.* Gently set him down, whilst I fetch help— [Death.
Whose there— My *Adellaida*.*Adel.* [returning.] Is it *Emilius* calls ?*Emil.* That Wretch *Emilius* ! Oh Sister ! This cursed Hand,
And this unhappy Sword, I fear has slain a
Gentleman : Whom now to save I willingly wou'd Dye !*Adel.* What Gentleman !*Emil.* The Brother to *Louisa* my Wife ! Behold !*Adel.* Ah ! Murder ! Murder ! My Love ! My Husband [Falls.*Emil.* Darkness o'whelm me ! What dost thou say ? ^{upon} *Bris.**Bris.* Thy Brother ! Oh the strange work of Fate !But upbraid him not ; nor grieve too much,
My Charming *Bride* !Upon thy Bosome let the poor *Brisac* Expire !

'Tis the Millky-way : And leads I hope to Heav'n ! [Dies.

Adel. Thou sha't not go without me ; come back ;
Come back ! Open thy Eyes Speak yet again !
Breath upon me ——— Alas his Breath is gone !
Some Angel hat caught the precious Sweet :
And Treasur'd it in Immortality !*Emil.* Her Griefs root me with stiff'ning Horror !
Pale Death Usurps the lively Red, that us'd to Adorn
His Face : What Villain with obdurate Heart
And cruel Eyes cou'd do this ! But shall a Wife
Behold thee thus ; and not Revenge Thee ? —
Thy Dagger points, the way detested, and
Accurst I'll drive thy barbarous Soul to Shades
Below ; if my Sight, almost Drown'd in Tears, can
Guide my feeble Arm !*Emil.* Strike boldly !*Adel.* Ha ! my Brother ! My Darling Brother !
Fall, fall thou Wretch ! Strike, strike and wound
Thy self.*Emil.* What mean ye ?*Adel.* Prevented then in Desperation, Dig the Earth up !
Force thy way through to the Center— or call upon
Yon ponderous Roof to Crush thee !*Amid.*

Amid. Help Sir ! I cannot hold her !

Emil. What shall I do ! prithee call my Father hither ---
'Tis now too late to hide ought from him --- [Exit Amid.
Oh ! That at first I had discover'd her Love, and mine

Adel. My Father ! Ah his Curse did this --- a Parents
Curse brought on me all this World of Woe !
Since then Curses have the power to kill : Ple Curse
All humane Kind ! And first for thee --- Despair
Still gnaw thy Soul ; when e're thou hop'st for Comfort,
May the deluding Vision vanish from thy Eyes ; and
Such a Sight as my *Brisac* is now : Be thy
Perpetual Portion !

Emil. I beg ye cease !

Adel. Where's now the charming Syllables ; that us'd to carry
Thrilling pleasure to my Heart ; and melting softness
To my Eyes ! 'Tis gone ! 'Tis past for ever ! Even the
Last Antidote against Despair, Hope, is gone ! ---
Then with never-ceasing Wailings fix here, on this
Dear dead Image, feed thy Soul with Sorrow ; till
I grow Pale and Cold like my Sorrow Love : till
One Grave (the only Bridal Beremains)
Receive us both !

Emil. Severely has my Fate Ordain'd, that I shou'd be
The cruel Cause of these Heart-wounded Griefs !

Enter Vice-roy, Amidia.

Vice. What does this continual Voice of Sorrow mean ?
Still to Alarm me with New Mischiefs !
Can the time, Measur'd by so few Hours,
Produce these various Scenes of Horror ?
Is it *Don Lopez*, o're whom my Daughter Weeps ?

Amid. Not *Don Lopez*, but a Nobleman of *France*,
Who in the late Progress, gain'd the Heart, and
Since the Nuptial Vows of my unhappy Mistress !

Emil. Oh Sir ! Your Son, your wretched Son has done
All this --- Commit me to the hardest Laws,
My Just Country Decrees --- But Oh !
If e're in my Obedience I deserv'd your Favourur'd
If my Mother whose lov'd Memory you Treasur'd
As your greatest Bliss, Was dear to ye ; when
Under the Ax, or on the Wrack I expire : Save

And

And protect my wife—— Send her safely back
To *France* : From whence I stole the unequal'd prize !

Vice. *Emilius* here ! My Eyes, and Ears thus entertain'd,
With Sights of Death, and Sounds of Marriage !
What mean these dismal Riddles ?

Adel. I can Explain 'em—— See Sir your Power, you
Bid it Rain ; and lo' from my Eyes whole Deluges
Have pour'd---- you said I shou'd behold
Pale Horror in the Face of him, I Lov'd
And look how dreadfully you are obey'd !

Vice. Alas ! 'tis dire Confusion all---- But
Take her from the Body, and Guard her with special Care.

Adel. Stand off ! Indeed ye're to blame, [They go to take
Do not Father ; do not part us now---- Adel away.
I ask but this Cold Hand--- I'll lay it to my
Heart ; and it shall bring me Quiet ;
Everlasting Quiet.

Vice. Ye humour her distraction--- to some
Apartment lead her----

Adel. Let him come with me then--- do, do, Inhumane
Creatures do ; yet all your Forces cannot keep in Life
I have him still ; I hold, I grasp him---
Ah me ! Their cruel strength prevails,
Another Look—— Ye Tygers, my Heart-strings
Swell, and Ach with painful stretching——
Once more, and they will burst—— Yes, yes,
My pale dead Love—— I shall—— I will
O're take thee ! I will, I will ! [Exit forced off.

Vice. What have I done, *Alonzo* ; to deserve
Such Punishments ? Henceforth never
Let Man build, in Earth his Happiness ;
Since even our Children, whom we from Heav'n
are priviledg'd to Love, prove our greatest
Torments ! To the Hall of Justice let this
Dead Lord be born ; and Summon thither the
Alcade, and all the Officers—— Oh *Emilius* !
How shall I behold thee now a Criminal to
Heav'n, and me ! But I won't Chide thee
Lest thou shouldest suffer ; and thy Father's words
Prove the sad Presages of ensuing Fate.

Emil.

Emil. You are too good; and I too guilty, for the Blessing
Of your forgiveness——I feel a Pain almost
Intolerable; where that Villain toucht me with his Sword.

Vice. Lead to the Wife you nam'd so tenderly; and let us
Try to stop the further Current of these Misfortunes.——

*Enter Lovisa, led by her Woman; her Hair down, Distracted,
Wounded in her Bosome, and Arms.*

——Ha! What Beauteous Wretch is this?

Emil. My *Lovisa*! Or is it some Phantome, rais'd
For my Astonishment?

Lov. Give me way, I am all Consuming Flames.
Unhard me. Let me Lanch my
Veins yet Deeper! They are all on Fire!
Blood cannot quench 'em! My Breath is
Flakes of Fire! My Eyes like flaming
Meteors Shoot! My Nerves, my Arteries,
Like Shrivell'd Parchment shrink in Fire——
I Burn; I Blaze; I Dye——Oh that I could——
For Death they say is Cold!

Emil. Speak, *La Brette*, the Cause; e're I Catch the
Madness! E're I grow Wild as Winds,
And Deaf as Storms!

Lab. Thus did I find her mangling her own Flesh,
Tearing her lovely Hair; and Raging in these Direful
Torments.

Lov. Off, off with these
Burning Robes! Dip 'em in some Spring,
Then Cover me agen; and let 'em Drop, and Drop
Upon my Fiery Heart; Or turn the Rivers
On me; Lap me in Cool refreshing Waves ——
Give (Oh give) me Ease!

Emil. Oh that I could——that I could know from whence
These Horrors come Look not thus Distractedly
Upon me Be Calm, my Love; be Calm!
And since there is no hope of Life: Let's Dye
In peace!

Vice. My Son!

Emil. Your Pardon Sir; I have no further wish ——
The Business of my Hours is done!

The False Friend, Or,

Vice. Alas! Search, Inquire; these Pangs are greater
Than Nature gives.

Emil. What Starts and what Convulsions
Dost thou bear! It must be Poison
But by whom?

Lov. Ha! Yet another Blaze: Am I not
Consum'd? My Head is *Ætna*; All the Springs
Of Blood, Rowling Seas of Fire
Bear me to the Frozen *North*, lay me in a Bed
Of Snow, will ye not *Emilius*; No, 'tis impossible,
The Mass is all on Fire! Ay now the Fabrick
Falls, and I am Ashes.

Emil. My Sisters Dagger, Death Lingers. Look up *Lovisa*.

Vice. Alas *Emilius*! Think upon thy wretched Father!

Enter Bucarius, Dragging in Appamia, and Zelide.

Buc. Come forth thou Woman! Angel in View
In Action Fiend! And thou Black

Accomplice; whose Looks and Deeds are
Parallel Come forth. My Breath
Will last, Spite of thy Bloody Hand,

To tell the *Vice-roy*, the Murders, thou hast Caus'd

Vice. *Bucarius* Wounded! Which way shall I turn
My Bloodshot Eyes? *Appamia*!

Buc. Curses instead of Pity: First upon her, and then on me:

App. Villain!

Buc. I am Indeed a Villain. Love, which sooner or later
Ruins all Mankind; was my Destruction.

Bu. Oh! I find, I cannot end my Story

Appamia's Love set me on to Mischief, and when
I clein'd the promise, she had made

(For my Reward) Her person, and her

Wealth; She answered with a Blow

By a Poyson'd Dagger given. Sieze

Her, and that Devil Moor They will finish

What I cannot Oh!

(Dies.)

Vice. How, Madam! Guards put that
Infidel upon the Wrack immediately.

Zel. I Offer up my Limbs; practise your Torments.
Yet not all the Agonies, *Spain*, or hell can
Invent shall force Confession from me,

That

That will Injure my Lov'd Mistress!

App. Oh thou Strik'st me deeper, than my Conscience;
'Twas my Command forc'd the unhappy Wretch;
Save her from the Wrack; And I will own the fatal Turth

Vice. *Appamia!* Is't possible——Is this Lovely
Creature by thee Destroy'd?

App. No; by *Emilius*

Emil. I! did I? Falser than Malice in the Mouth
Of Envy! Invention blacker than Hell Creates!

App. the Cordial (Fool!) 'tis true, it was by me
Prepar'd, but you convey'd it to the Charmers Lips.

Emil. Hell and Despair! What cou'd provoke
Thee? How have I been Deceiv'd!

App. Dull, and Insensible had I not Eyes,
As well as thy *Lovisa*? She saw and Lov'd,
And ventur'd all——So wou'd I
My Flames were Fiercer far than hers.

Which disappointed, turn'd to black Revenge,
Accomplish'd now, but Oh for thee, ungrateful
As thou wert, To thy Death I never did consent;
Nor that I care to be believ'd, for all things now are
Equal with me: But when that dead Villain brought
The Fatal News, That with Invennom'd Steel he had
Touch'd thee; I with the Poyson'd Dagger, which he
Nam'd gave back the Blow, and there he lies at
Once the proof of my Revenge, and Love.

Vice. How Terrible's a Womans rage; but the Law
Must speak thy Sentence: Secure 'em Guards.

App. The Law! but will that end my Misery,——ha! to
Late I begin to see the Fatal Ills my unhappy
Love has caus'd; My *Zilide*, who now shall Shield us
From the Terros of Despair! Let me for ever
Warn my Sex, and fright 'em from the thoughts of
Black Revenge, from being by Violent Passions
Sway'd. Murder! And am I the cause? Fall Mountains
On this Guilty Head, and let me think no more.

Vice. *Emilius*——Is there any Hopes?

Emil. Still there is warmth about her Heart
Her Eyes too Glimmer, like dying Tapers——
Oh my *Lovisa*! My Love has been thy Bane.

Lov. I grow Cool *Emilius*; thou mayst receive me now,
And not be set on Fire—This I can bear—
Thus I could have dy'd, And not Complain'd

Emil. what pains hast thou not born; what
Wracking Misery; When the Pangs of
Death are thought refreshing ease!
Hold off a little. — Thus let us meet,
Thus let me Clasp thee----- Thus will
We Mount together. *(Stabs himself.)*

Vice. O Fatal End of all my Hopes!

Emil. Farewel the blooming Expectation
Of a Prosperous Life—Also farewel
The wracking Cares, the Treacheries, the
Woes, that might have been my Fate! —
Your Pardon Sir, My Disobedience, thus punish'd, Claims it.
How fares my Partner (even in Death) —
One Kiss—the last, that I shall ever take—Oh! *[Dies.]*

Lov. Stay, my *Emilius*; I am a Stranger
Here; and have been hardly us'd—No
Friend to Close my Dying Eyes? He's gone!
I follow—Lay me by the Man I have Lov'd;
With whom I wou'd have Liv'd, for whom I Die. *[Dies.]*

Vice. *Appamia*, My Foster Daughter, but
I have done, Heav'n's Mercy overtake thy
Crimes: On Earth thou wilt meet with none.
Alonzo, Thence I Substitute in full Authority,
Till farther Orders from the Court of *Spain* Arrive, and will
My self, for ever from the World retire
Leaving this sad Truth behind: That Parents
Shou'd not, beyond the hopes of Heaven
Their Children Prize.

Nor Indulg'd Children dare to Disobey,
Lest they are punish'd such a dismal way.

FINIS.

